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THE SPHERE, MAY 13, 1933
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 1738 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MAY 13, 1933

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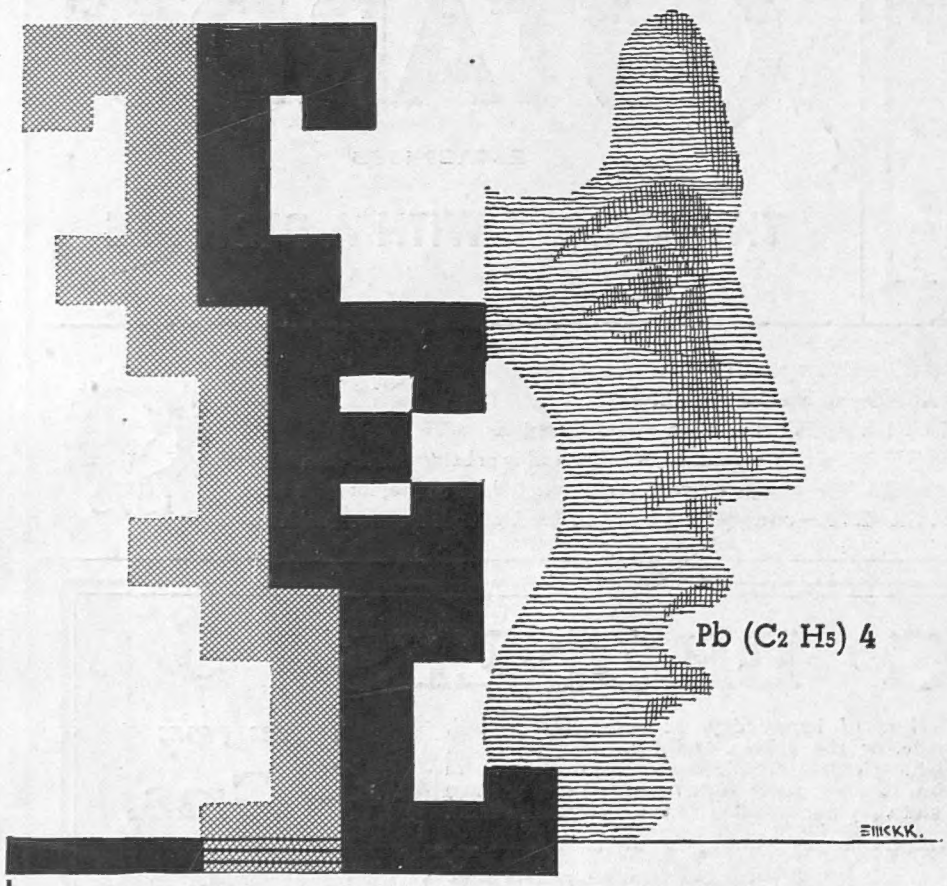

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Volume CXXXIII No. 1738

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 13, 1933

SALVAGING THE "AKRON"

The U.S.S. "Falcon" Recovers a Wrecked Secondary Control Car of the Ill-fated Airship where She Crashed off the New Jersey Coast

For some time now the U.S.S. *Falcon* has been engaged in salvaging the framework of the ill-fated dirigible *Akron* which was wrecked several weeks ago off the New Jersey coast. Our picture this week shows the secondary control station, part of the huge port fin of the dirigible, being hauled to the surface by the *Falcon*. Lieut.-Commander Wiley, the executive officer, one of the three survivors, tells in graphic language in his report of the last moments of the giant airship, and of the combination of circumstances which led to the catastrophe. They resemble in close detail the end of the *Shenandoah*, illustrated in a recent issue of "The Sphere." Following the shore line the *Akron* struck turbulent conditions some five hours after leaving Lakehurst. The dirigible began to fall rapidly on an even keel, but at 700 ft. the descent stopped and normality was for a moment established at 1,600 ft. Two minutes later, on nearing the storm centre, a gust of air of great violence struck the ship, the rudder-controls broke away, and once more the *Akron* dropped first to 800 and then alarmingly to 300 ft. Then with a last dramatic order from the control-room, "Stand by for a crash," she hit the waves with a back-breaking impact, and all hope of saving the airship was lost

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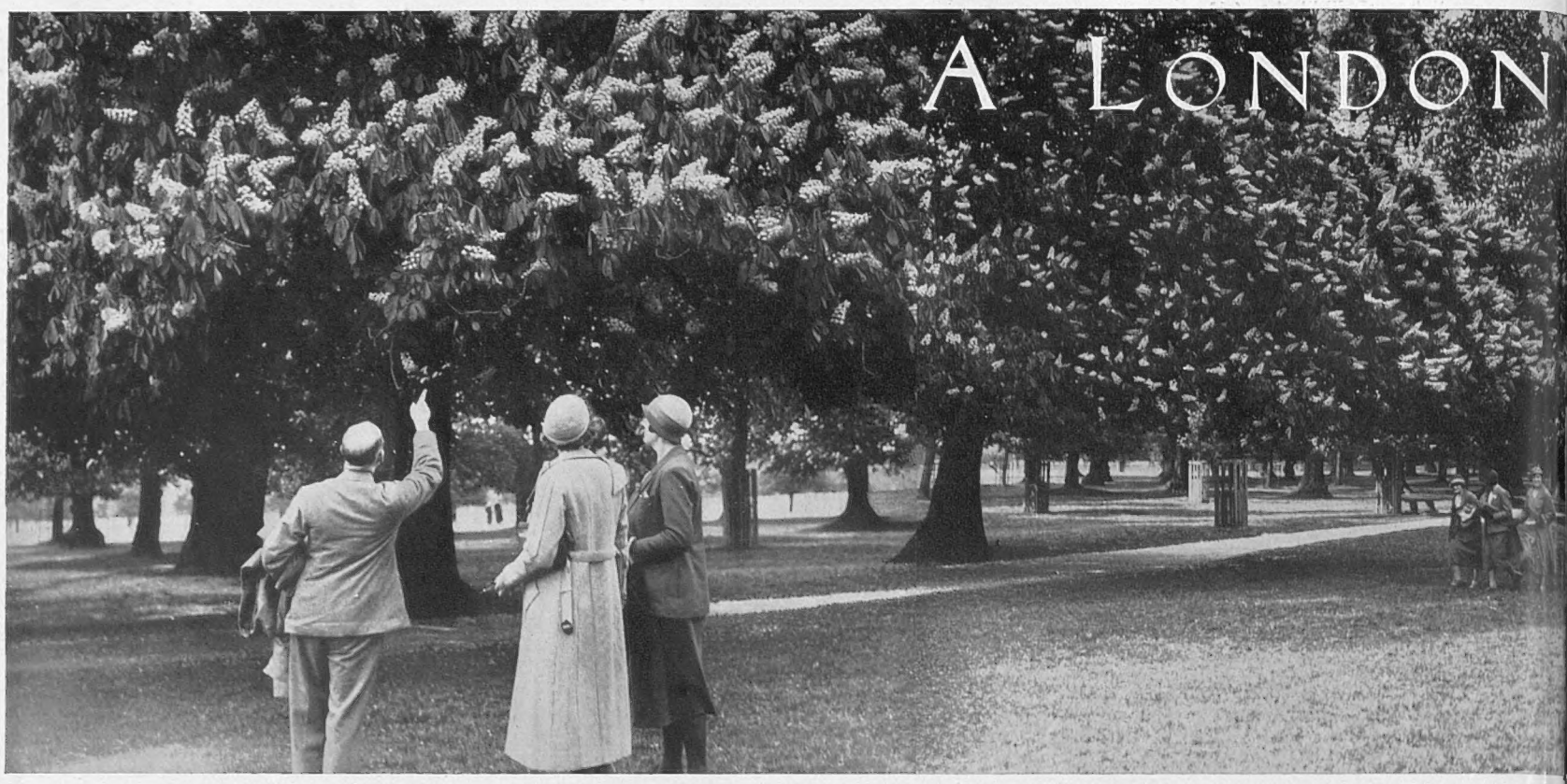


CHESTNUT SUNDAY IN A LONDON PARK: May 7 was Chestnut Sunday and many Londoners paid a visit to this lovely avenue of trees planted more than 230 years Park, Middlesex. Chestnut Sunday is a movable feast and usually occurs immediately before or after Ascension Day. This year, however, the mildness of the spring fortnight earlier than usual

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 10, 1933.

THE BIG YARD-STICK.—Lord Trenchard's first essay on his own of an annual report does not err on the side of timidity. It has been discovered, since he assumed office, that he neither lacks the courage of his convictions nor fears the criticisms of the public or the force on matters of which he considers himself the best judge. He sees the necessity for reforms in a great organization which modern conditions have rendered less efficient than it was. And indeed it is based on foundations and principles laid down a century ago. His main plans for reform cover three aspects. A force of 20,000 men is expected to safeguard a population of several millions and property worth millions uncountable. So small a body charged with such responsibilities must fail in its task unless intellectually and educationally it is composed of picked men. Yet only a tithe of the personnel enters the force above the elementary standard of education. The standards of pay and pension—although attractive in the labour market—and the chances of promotion from the ranks, as at present defined, do not attract in sufficient numbers men of the necessary standard of education. It is fair to comment, in respect of this conclusion, that in the provinces at any rate it is impossible not to note the significant increase in personnel of a higher educational standard during the past few years. To meet these objections, a cadet college will be set up for training officers for the higher posts, which, above the rank of inspector (which is open to serving constables by promotion), will be recruited from the college. The average age of the force will, moreover, be reduced by the introduction of a short term service of ten years.

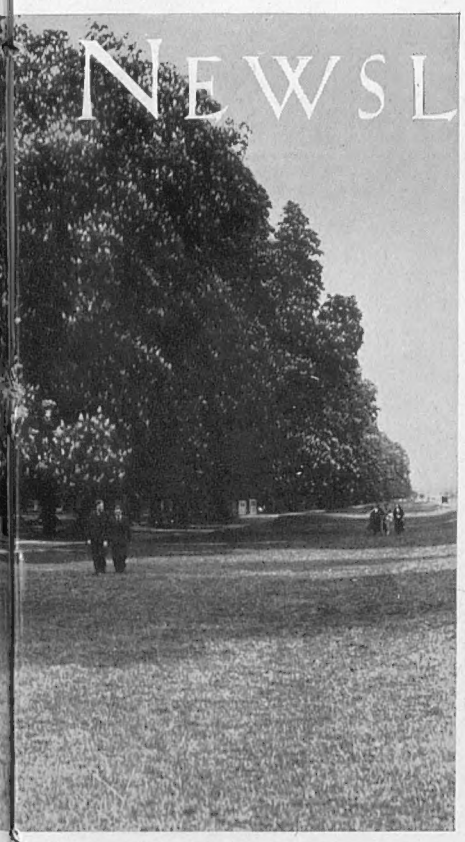
TRENCHANT TRENCHARD.—The second point made deals with private employment of the Metropolitan Police for weddings, parties, football matches, racing, etc. The custom implies that members of the force may work overtime for personal profit on behalf of private employers. Lord Trenchard, having in mind the vast official responsibility of his men, considers that the practice should be reconsidered. And it appears the Government thinks as he does. The third point may be found even more "contentious" in the force itself. The Commissioner, with remarkable frankness, points out how much official time is spent, and how wide, irrelevant, and even subversive of discipline is the range of subjects discussed, at meetings of the force's own welfare and efficiency organization. Topics discussed and resolutions submitted do not exclude strictures on the Government and the Commissioner himself. Which is very British! Lord Trenchard may not be a militarist, but he has a soldier's notion of discipline, as the force knows by experience, and already this democratic exuberance has been curtailed. Our hatred of a militarized police force should not deafen our ears to the sound sense of his very strong and frank report, which for once the Government is losing no time in implementing, largely as it stands. There is more sound sense than "militarism" in the idea of a cadet college. Let us kill once and for all the "damnable" idea that the unfortunate use of the word "officer" signifies any undemocratic class distinction.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROBLEMS.—The report that Mr. Roosevelt may come to London next month for the W.E.C. is nothing but a rumour, but it was founded on a truth which is being flashed across the world: the vast importance to America of the Conference and the vital necessity for America to kill the dread heresy of isolation, and to dive head and heels into the troubled sea of European politics. There is reason and to spare for Roosevelt following Wilson's precedent and leaving America during his Presidency, even if his absence spells danger to his authority at home. As long ago as 1919, Wilson grasped the truth that, as a result of the War, America had become committed to the fortunes of Europe. As Mr. Frank Simmonds recently pointed out, Wilson's error lay in the belief that this mighty change was moral rather than material. Roosevelt knows the contrary to be true, and his administration is committed in advance to treat the fact materially, that is from the economic standpoint. France by defaulting and England by paying the December, 1932, instalment of the debt, announced to America exactly the same ultimatum—that the matter of a moral obligation, economically suicidal, must be settled for ever. Mr. Roosevelt has his presidential term all before him, but his authority will not be undisputed for more than a year. Within two years he will have to face a Congressional election. What he sees it necessary to do he knows well he must do quickly. Within a year he must, if he is to survive, establish means for the recovery of commodity prices the world over; before all, cotton, wheat, meat, and copper. And this task can best be tackled in South Kensington in June. Thanks to the slump, Roosevelt stands or falls by his *foreign* policy, and he knows it and knows that his retrograde opponents know it. On his side fight two very new reactions in American opinion. (1) Never before was Congress so utterly discredited as to-day. (2) Every sane American realizes that the "picture of a gleeful Europe dividing the contents of Uncle Sam's wallet which it has skilfully emptied" is just as absurd as the picture of a smug and prosperous Uncle Sam closing his casement to the sound of the grinding in troubled and distressed and far-away Europe. All Europe and America are hanging by the same hair.

"HE DOTH BESTRIDE HIS NARROW WORLD LIKE A COLOSSUS": With the warm weather the animals in the London Zoo are able to enjoy a much greater degree of freedom. This sturdy rhinoceros takes its morning exercise by pounding round and round the enclosure

O LIBERTY . . .—I wonder whether my hundred per cent. British critics who so thoroughly approve of Germany's short way with the Jews would relish existence in Germany even with all the privileges accorded to the pure-bred Prussian. Hitler's Prussian patriarchal system should produce a nation of robots to which the robots of Prussian militarism will seem by contrast Ariels, light and free as air. The free citizen of the new Germany will enjoy such an orgy of State inspection that such a thing as home life will apparently cease to exist. He will be born under the microscope of State inspection. If he avoid sterilization, he will fall in love according to official plan and by licence, his honeymoon will be conducted in a State laboratory, and his "little house in Greenery Street" will be open at all hours to the uniformed inspector. At any hour of the day, he and his guests will be liable to a teeth inspection or a heart test; the very books on his library shelf will be examined, purified of "un-German" taints and finally passed under certificate, and the happy pair, selected, mated, and perpetually under close examination, will obediently hand over one by one to the State the fruits of their State-approved union, to undergo in their turn a life-long series of laboratory tests. *Plus ça change* . . . Prussianism has come back incredibly quickly. One rubs one's eyes, to remember that fierce reaction of 1919 which was deemed to have killed it for all time. What a race for the

NEWSLETTER



ago by Sir Christopher Wren in Bushey weather has resulted in it being held a

zealous reformer to mould to his cast-iron pattern.

ROAD AND RAIL.—Something has at last been done to implement one side of the Salter Report. Another and important aspect of it—the fiscal—has been dealt with, in a manner yet to be clearly defined, in the new Budget. The Road and Rail Traffic Bill, clearly expounded by Mr. Stanley, deals with the licensing of goods vehicles, or, to put it more accurately, "deals with the question of who shall deal with the question." It is perhaps a pity that the Government has thrown the whole responsibility on the Local Traffic Commissioners and once more burked the issue. It has not trusted the Salter Committee or itself. As a result, the Traffic Commissioners may formulate regulations widely at variance in different localities and the chaos be worse confounded. The whole machinery for ensuring safety regulations for those who drive along the roads is in chaos and, because the road interests are powerful and clamorous, the Government for ever shunts its responsibility for a clear-cut policy and a strong hand, and suffers the slaughter of the roads to continue. It was a significant admission by the third Minister of Transport of the utter failure hitherto to enforce existing road regulations as to loads and speeds.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.—The Traffic Commissioners will now have their hands full indeed, for an immense amount of licensing will have to be done. There are to be three grades of licence. Anyone may carry his own goods on applying for licence C. Licence A is for the public carrier and licence B for the limited carrier (i.e., one who may carry his own goods and under conditions ply for hire). A and B licences may in the Commissioner's discretion be refused, if objection is sustained that adequate facilities exist in the area already. All licences granted are subject to conditions as to fitness of vehicle, hours of employment of drivers and loads, and imply of course a great deal of inspection and examination by accredited officials and a mass of inevitable record keeping by proprietors. The inspections will have to be far more efficient and constant than hitherto and the "bookkeeping," heavy already, is an inevitable handicap to industry and the daily round under modern conditions. But the road interests have not hitherto borne more than their fair burden of fetters, and it is inexplicable to me that they have so long frightened away the inquisitive inspector. Meanwhile the Road and Rail Bill marks no change and no advance. That advance can only be measured when we have time to see how the Local Commissioners handle their new and heavy responsibilities. The Ministry of Transport is a Post Office, a post office which hasn't yet shown a surplus on any year's working since it was set up. It is to be hoped that it will have courage to save something of the very mild reforms proposed in this measure, on the committee stage.

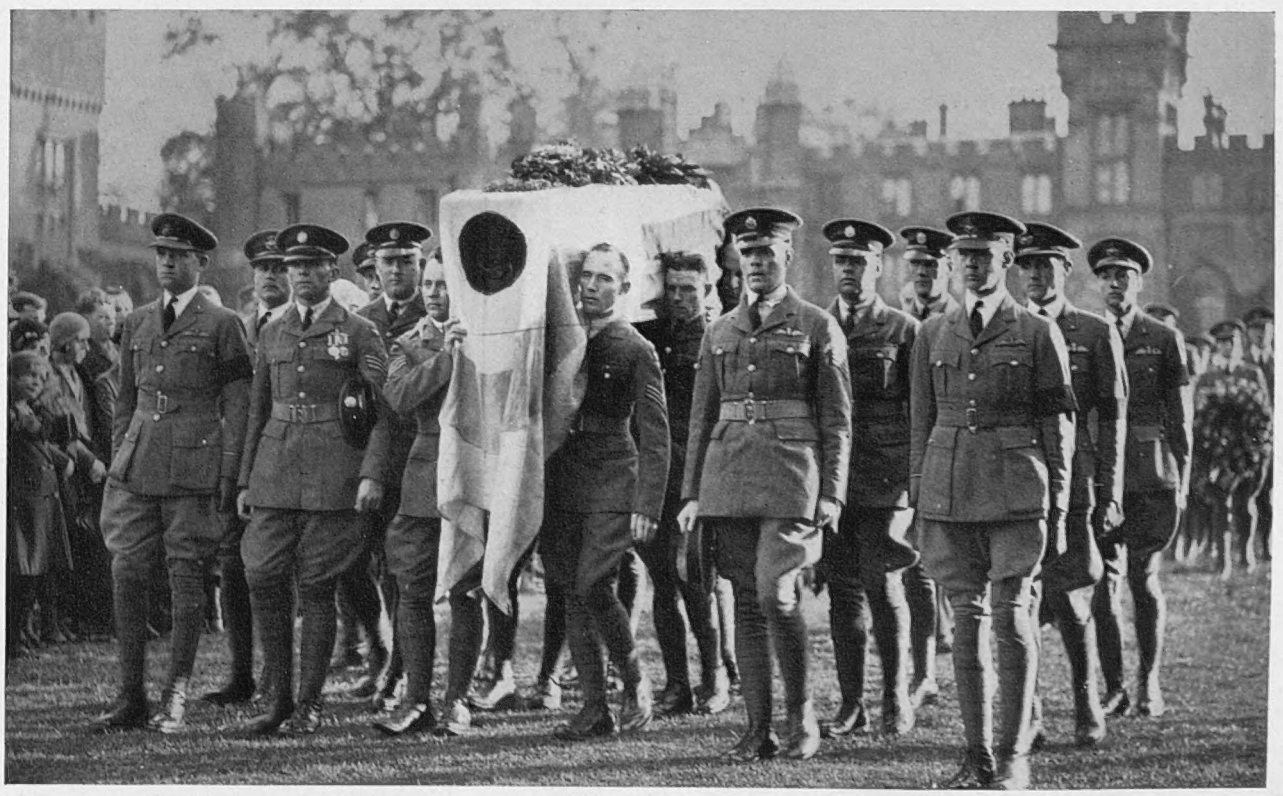
COALS TO NEWCASTLE?—Mr. John Buchan's appointment as High Commissioner to the General Assembly for the current year is interesting. Edinburgh is Mr. Buchan's spiritual home. He bears the torch handed down by Edinburgh's two most famous literary sons, Scott and Stevenson; and to the best of his ability keeps alive the romantic tradition in literature associated above all with Edinburgh. But, if the "meenisters" enjoy best the experience of meeting strangers and Sassenachs at Holyrood (as they often do), then they will regard Mr. Buchan's appointment as a sending of coals to Newcastle. The latest biographer of Scott is one-hundred-per-cent. Auld Reekie. In old days, there was much less chopping and changing in the appointment. The present Lord Leven's father did the office year after year and with great pomp and efficiency. Latterly, however, the changes have been rung annually and with piquant contrasts. An English courtier, a Scots peer, an ex-miner and Socialist, a Royal Duke. Mr. Buchan succeeds to Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, who collected a most interesting company of brains and beauty beneath the tragic roof of Holyrood for Edinburgh's summer season; and the "meenisters" bestowed their admiration impartially on the beauty of the Duchess of Rutland and the wit of Lady Oxford. Mr. Buchan has announced the names of his court circle, and will enter on his responsibilities next month.

DR. LEONARD HUXLEY.—Those of us who have a proper regard for literature realize how much in these days of vulgar publicity and cheap notoriety the dignity of letters is maintained by the few surviving literary reviews of the splendid old tradition. Of the half-dozen which survive none have maintained those fine standards more consistently than the *Quarterly* and the *Cornhill* which continue under the ægis of "Mr. Murray." For thirty years Dr. Huxley, who died last week, conducted the *Cornhill*, and by his taste, his critical faculty, his enthusiasm, and above all his youthful elasticity, he carried it triumphantly through the stormy post-War years. Many of us who aspired to contribute to *Cornhill* retain pleasant memories of him. If one's own first enthusiasm suffered a check at the hands of his riper criticism, that criticism, if it did not reject but merely indicated points for improvement, came to be regarded as a ground for encouragement and pride. If it passed Dr. Huxley, one felt there must be *some* merit in it. For the aspiring young writer, indeed, he was a god-sent editor, for he gave dignity to the profession, made it clear that good writing still counts, that carelessness, sloppiness, and false sentiment, are still detected in a few editorial chairs—and punished as they deserve. And with all, he was human and friendly, and encouraging to all who showed a willingness to climb to Parnassus by the flinty path rather than to buy a ticket by the funicular. There have been two or three English families which have apparently made a corner in intellect and retained their capital generation after generation. The Huxleys and the Butlers are outstanding examples.

A HALF-FORGOTTEN THRILL.—The opening night of the Opera season, for the first time for many years, revived for old stagers memories of the great days of Mayfair and Covent Garden and other places. It was almost as if the dingy years were wiped out—a nightmare over at last—and, as in the late Victorian and Edwardian era, the "old barn" had wakened from its winter sleep, the broughams and private hansoms once more deposited their precious loads of birth, beauty, and behaviour, and once more on the first tier the diamond tiaras connected up a ring of fire from wing to wing. Lady Ripon in her usual seat, Lina Cavalieri in diamond mail and all the stars in their places, the last of the dandies in the omnibus box, and Mr. Harry Higgins rubbing his hands and whispering success. . . . The old barn is amazingly furbished up since those days, and new stars replace the old. But there is no loss of beauty, an incredible advance in grace and taste in dress, and the tiaras, newly and delicately set, now adorn rather than weigh down the "diminished heads" of youth and beauty. Yet when the lights went down and the voices died away, a shaft of light from a half-open box-door caught the diamond tiaras in its line, and that flash set a spark to smouldering memory and all our brilliant and easy yesterdays surged back over the intervening, war-scarred desert.

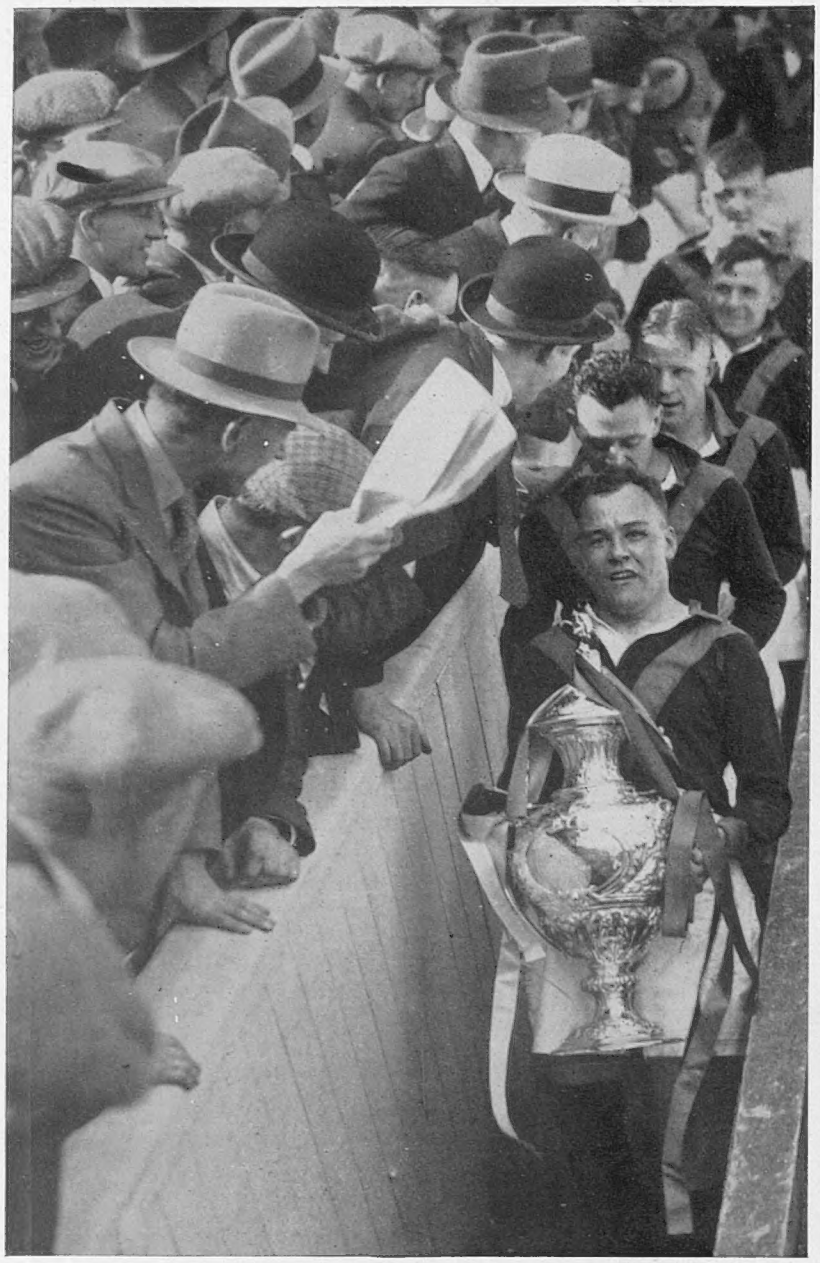
THE OLD STAGER

CELEBRITIES AT DUMBARTONSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT ALEXANDRIA: Left to right—The Duchess of Montrose, the Duke of Montrose, and the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton

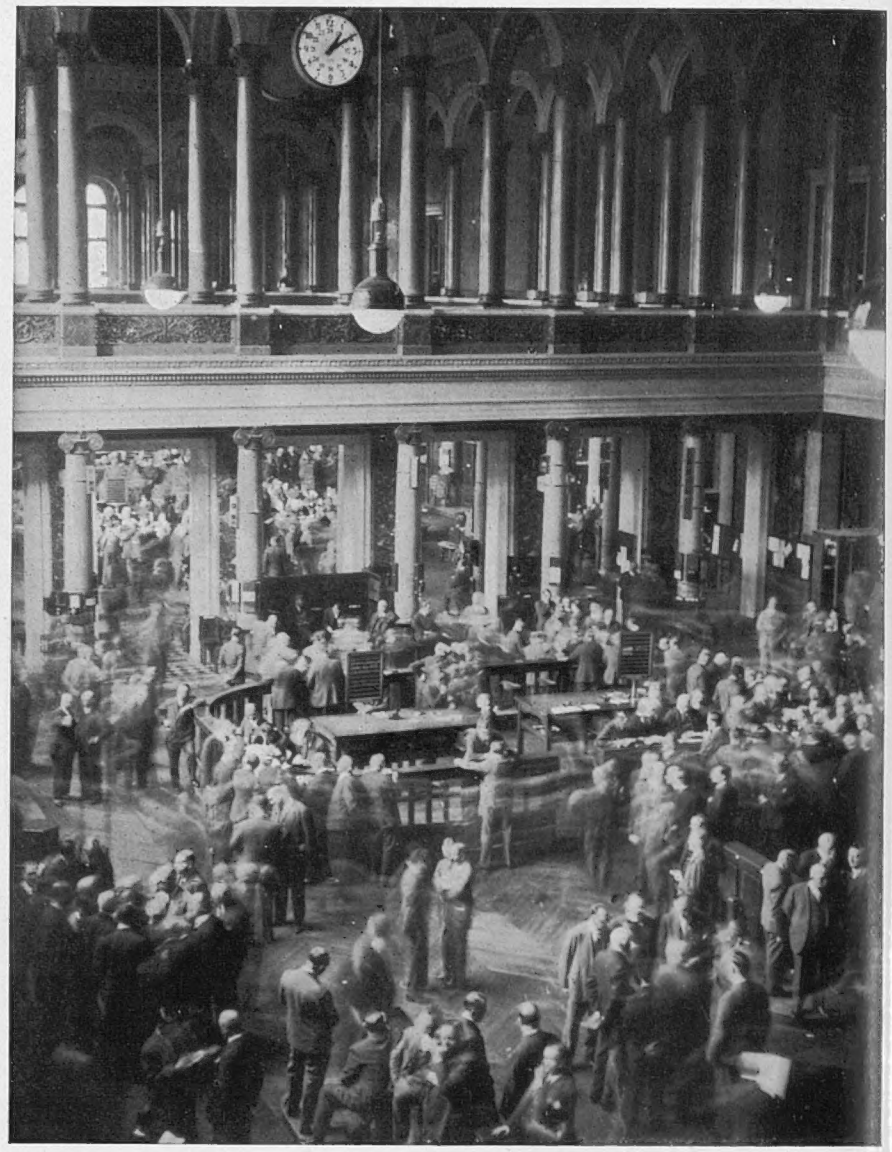


THE BURIAL OF VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH: Several thousands of mourners attended the funeral last week when Lord Knebworth, the heir of the Earl of Lytton, who was killed as the result of an accident during a formation flight at Hendon Aerodrome, was buried with full military honours at Knebworth Parish Church, Hertfordshire. The procession is seen on the way to the church from Knebworth House. The band of the R.A.F., a firing party, and the dead airman's fellow officers assisted in the ceremony, which was deeply impressive

Current News and



THE RUGBY LEAGUE FINAL: A record crowd of nearly 60,000 saw Huddersfield defeat Warrington by 21 points to 17 after a thrilling encounter in last Saturday's final at Wembley. The Huddersfield captain is seen coming down the gangway after receiving the cup from the Prince of Wales



FIRST PICTURE OF THE BERLIN BOURSE: In spite of a diversity of reports it seems that business is rapidly returning to normal on the Berlin Stock Exchange, and stocks, which only a few months ago had slumped to new low levels, are once again in brisk demand. Business is seen in progress in one of the main halls in a first camera picture

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN DUEL: Miss Dorothy Round (left) followed up a brilliant victory over Mme Mathieu in the British Hard Court Championship at Bournemouth with an equally fine performance against Miss Jacobs, whom she defeated decisively in the final

A WEST AFRICAN BISHOP IN LONDON: Bishop T. C. John of Sierra Leone is now in London with his wife. He arrived recently to be consecrated at Lambeth Palace as Assistant Bishop of the Niger, and is staying in England for a few weeks before returning to take up his duties. Bishop John's grandfather was a slave brought to Sierra Leone from Nigeria

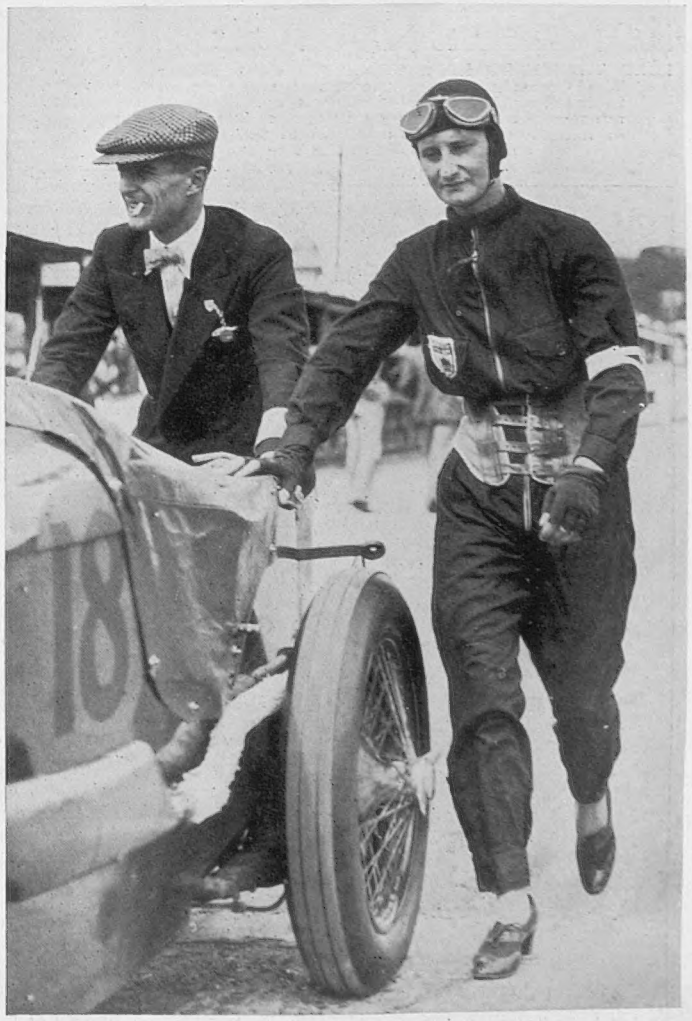
A WEEK OF SPORT

BOISTEROUS WEATHER IN THE BAY: For once the Bay of Biscay lived up to its reputation when the aircraft carrier, H.M.S. *Eagle*, encountered stormy weather on her way to China. The *Eagle*, which has recently been refitted at a cost of £300,000, is to relieve H.M.S. *Hermes* on the China station

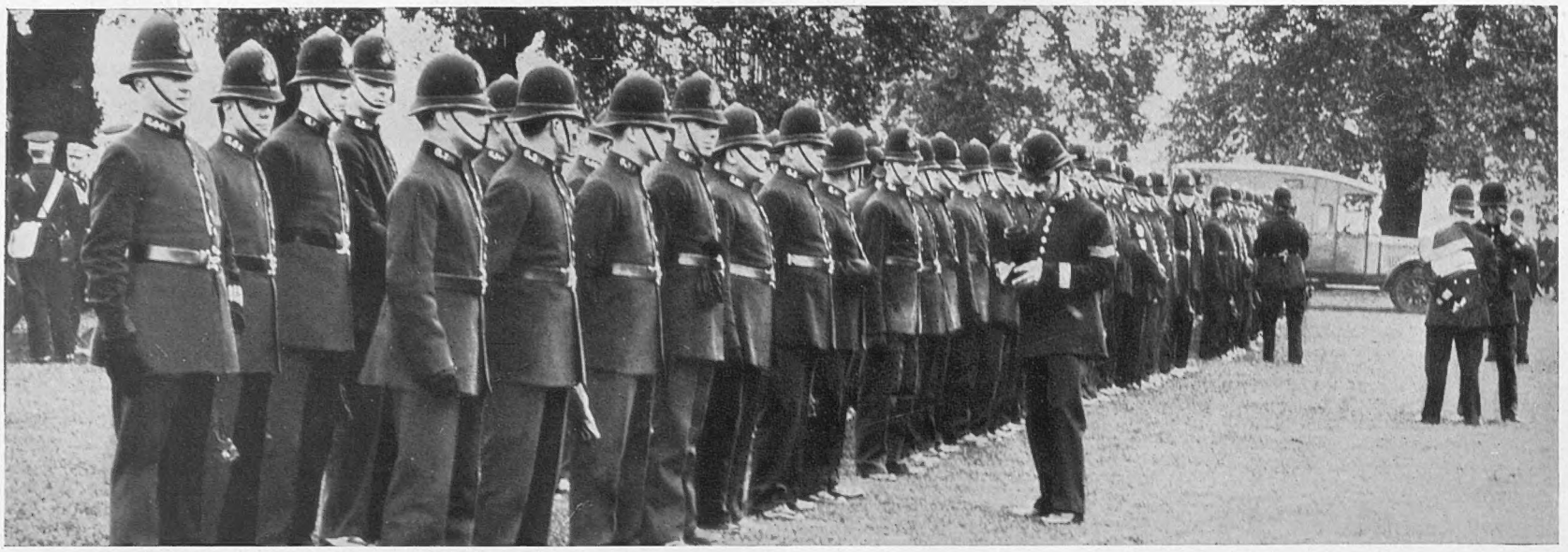
THE PRINCE AT WEMBLEY: Shaking hands with the Huddersfield team before the Rugby League final in which they defeated Warrington last Saturday. Huddersfield were only a point behind at half-time, and after the restart established a commanding lead which a determined Warrington effort just failed to reduce

THE NOTTINGHAM EXPRESS: Harold Larwood, who has at last broken silence and revealed in a Sunday newspaper the ordeal of bowling before an Australian crowd

JARDINE RETURNS: The imperturbable captain of the M.C.C. team seen on arrival at Euston after his return from Australia and the most hotly contested series of Tests ever played



THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY AT BROOKLANDS: Mrs. Wisdom, who finished third in the 250-mile race, helps to push her car to the starting line. The race was won by the Hon. Brian Lewis in an Alfa-Romeo at an average speed of 88·07 m.p.h.



TAKING NO CHANCES: On several occasions since he became Chief Commissioner of the force Lord Trenchard has displayed his organizing ability, and in the face of public criticism of his over-caution has done everything within his power to prevent serious street disturbances. This picture shows a section of the large force which he assembled in Hyde Park recently to deal with any emergencies created by May Day demonstrators

LORD TRENCHARD AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police taking the salute at a march past outside Westminster Cathedral following a Requiem Mass held in honour of Catholic members of the London Force who died in the War

"NIPPY" AND THE "BOBBY": A waitress acting as a St. George's Day rose seller persuades a policeman on Ludgate Hill to assist the cause

Whatever may be the case as regards other police forces (none of which compares in size with the Metropolitan Police or presents quite the same problem), it is essential in my opinion to devise for this Force a scheme which both opens up a clear avenue of fairly rapid promotion for outstanding men who join as constables, and also provides for the direct recruitment into the officer posts of men who have acquired good educational qualifications before appointment and are selected as suitable in respect of personality and physique. Hitherto, Scotland Yard has drawn on the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, the legal profession, and overseas police forces to fill the responsible posts at headquarters. Of the present Assistant Commissioners and Deputy Assistant Commissioners, two were originally soldiers, two lawyers, one came from the Indian Police, one from the Egyptian Police, and one was a member of the civil staff at Scotland Yard.

This particular passage from the Report of the Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis for the year 1932, presented by the Secretary of State for the Home Department to Parliament by command of His Majesty a few days ago, is duly emphasized above because it has been so unduly emphasized elsewhere. Taken as it stands, one might suppose that it represented the honest effort on the part of a far-seeing Chief Commissioner to strengthen his Higher Command. But there are two parties concerned, and to both the parties involved there are issues which are not immediately apparent to the general public. On the one hand, there is the long pondered aim of the Home Office to a greater unification of the police forces scattered up and down the country. On the part of the rank and file there is the dread of the inauguration of that Police College — that "Sandhurst" of the police force — which first threatened them in 1930.

The present chaotic position of our police forces is fairly and impartially set out in the Report of the Committee on the Police Service of England, Wales, and Scotland which was appointed by the Right Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., then His Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department in 1919. In what may be called its preamble the Report says:

Apart from a certain evidence of a general character we desired to hear first the representations of the various ranks of the police service, but we were faced with the difficulty that our reference covered not merely a single Police Force or even a few, but nearly 250 separate Police Forces, varying from the Metropolitan Police, with a total authorized strength of 21,500 men, to the County Forces policing the sparsely populated parts of Scotland and Wales, and small Borough Forces of twelve men or even less.

From that passage one can visualize the difficulty of the Home Office in securing local co-operation in the "maintenance of public order and the suppression of crime."

Now we come to what this Report calls the Status of the Police. And the wording of this Report of 1919 presents a curious discrepancy to the statement of the Commissioner of Police, Lord Trenchard, in his own Report dated April 10 this year.

I cite the instance, not with the remotest intention of questioning Lord Trenchard's utterance, but merely because it emphasizes the fact that Lord Trenchard is, whatever his critics may say, concentrating on his own particular problem.

In the third paragraph of his Report he states:

Crime is necessarily the first concern of the Commissioner of Police, and it has occupied my thoughts and energy very fully during the past year.

On the other hand, if we return to the Report of 1919 we find this definition of the duties of the police:

The primary function of the police is the maintenance of law and order and the preservation of the peace. Each Constable on appointment makes a declaration of Service to the Crown before a magistrate. The terms of the declaration in use in the Metropolitan Police are as follows:—"I, A..... B....., being appointed a Constable of the Police Force of the Metropolitan Police District, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm, that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King in the office of a Constable, and that I will act as a Constable for preserving the peace and preventing robberies and other felonies and apprehending offenders against the peace, and in all respects, to the best of my skill and knowledge, discharge all the duties of the said office faithfully according to the law."

Nothing could make clearer than this the purpose of the Metropolitan Police and the allegiance which each member of it owes to the Crown. And doubtless these grave matters were in Lord Trenchard's mind when he wrote the Report he did. And it is a Report the general gravity of which has been overlooked in concentration on the paragraph with which this article was begun. One thing is quite certain—the Metropolitan Police Force may be supposed by a complacent public to be the "best in the world," may still be that, though it undoubtedly lacks perfection. In effect—I may again be wrong—Lord Trenchard seems by implication to argue that while under the Policeman's Charter the police have had a square deal, the public so far has not.

The Londoner has an instinctive affection for his police. His affections were temporarily alienated by the Police Strike, forced at a time when their grievances were under consideration. The strike, considering each individual constable's oath to his King, was inexcusable. Apart from that, no one can deny that the grievances of the police were very great.

The War had imposed an almost intolerable strain on members of the various police forces who were not serving with the colours. Apart from that, on every hand, men and women were earning wages which had never been dreamt of before. And even after the munitions boom came to an end with the Armistice, their economic plight was pitiable.

In 1886 the highest scale of pay for constables was 23s. 4d. a week, rising to 29s. 2d. a week, and at the outbreak of War the rate of pay was still wretched. It varied, of course, considerably. For instance, the 1919 Report says:

For example, the scale for constables in Dorset was 21s., rising to 26s. 10d. with an allowance for rent; in the Metropolitan Police and two or three provincial boroughs, 30s., rising to 42s.

And the Report agrees that for the first three years after the outbreak of War the policy of the Home Office was "generally to refuse sanction to any increase of pensionable pay, but to allow county police authorities at their discretion to meet the increased cost by a terminable allowance of War bonus." The same policy was followed by the Home Office in the case of the Metropolitan Police. This was not particularly generous considering, as the Report points out—

A candidate for the police must not only reach certain standards of height and physical development, but must have a constitution which is sound in every way. The duties which the police have to perform are varied and exacting; they are increasing, and will probably increase in variety and perplexity, and a man cannot make a good policeman unless his general intelligence, memory, and powers of observation are distinctly above the average. His character should be unblemished; he should be humane and courteous and, generally he should possess a combination of moral, mental, and physical qualities not ordinarily required in other employment.

There is a pretty tall order; but we learn further from the Report that "he is liable to be called on duty at any time in an emergency . . . the special temptations to which a constable is exposed are obvious . . . it is only just that his remuneration should be such as will not add to his temptation . . . the policeman's calling also exposes him to special dangers."

The Report went on to point out that the policeman had many advantages—pension, and so forth—which the ordinary working man had not. At the same time, considering the paragon the police constable was expected to be, it was rather hard that a Metropolitan policeman, married, with a wife and two children, should be drawing, including his War bonus and allowances, £3 7s. a week, and that his colleague in a small borough police

THE FUTURE of the FORCE

Lord Trenchard's Courageous and Far-reaching Report which Aims at the Further Improvement of the Finest Police Force in the World by the Elimination of Time Wasting, the Introduction of Fresh Blood into the Higher Command, and the Elimination of Influences Calculated to Bring About Unrest

By W. HOLT WHITE

force should be drawing £2 15s. a week as against the £3 7s. 6d. drawn by scavengers at Mersey Docks, £3 12s. a week drawn by Liverpool carters, and £4 a week earned by Glasgow paviors.

However, the Police Act ended all that. Full details are impossible, but the Report on which the Act was based recommended £3 10s. a week for Metropolitan constables on probation, and pay running up to £4 10s. a week after twenty-two years' service. Sergeants were to start at £5 a week, rising to £5 12s. a week. Before the War the pay of a Metropolitan police inspector was £171 12s., rising to £192 8s. per annum. The Report awarded an inspector on promotion £325 per annum, rising to £375 per annum; subdivisional inspectors, on promotion, £390, rising to £420; chief inspector, on promotion, £440, rising to £500; superintendent, £550, rising to £700.

On the score of pay, therefore, the Metropolitan Police can hardly complain. But under the Police Act they gained many other advantages in the matter of housing and rent aid, local allowances, hours of duty, payment for overtime, and subsistence allowance. The Detective or Criminal Investigation Department received special allowances. Above all, they gained the right to a national representative body for the police which ultimately became the Police Federation.

It was a wonderful Charter, and the public was under the impression that, with the exception of technical and other minor details, it had more or less solved the police question which was becoming acute. But—in London at any rate—all was far from well. In 1928, responding to a "stern call to duty," Viscount Byng of Vimy became First Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. It was not merely a dramatic but a sensational appointment. Why should a great Army Commander, an ex-Viceroy of Canada, a great pro-Consul, a great soldier-statesman, be called on, almost at an instant's notice, to take charge of the London Police? The answer was not long in coming. The licence in the West End of London, which had grown up during the days of the War, had continued long after what the late Lord Brentford, then Sir William Joynson-Hicks, considered to be its allotted span. He was determined that the West End should be "cleaned up," and from his investigations he had decided that it required the hand of an uncompromising and fearless man to perform the task.

It was not that the whole Metropolitan Police was involved. Taken all through, the Metropolitan Police Force was impervious to temptations as it had ever been. But a certain clique was undoubtedly involved, and police action directed by Lord Byng culminated in the famous "Goddard case." That case was a scandal the like of which the Metropolitan Police Force had never suffered before. It resulted in a clamour for the most careful sifting of the higher grades of Scotland Yard. There were some who argued that the obvious moral of the case was that the more responsible grades in the Police Force should be recruited from men from the outside. It was altogether most unfortunate and most unpleasant for a generally able and honest body of men.

It resulted finally in a proposal for the establishment of a Police College for training men for the higher positions, but was ultimately shelved on the grounds of economy.

We can only return to Lord Trenchard's Report, and it is curious that it is only after an interval of some days that people are beginning to realize its true significance. It is a document which will probably—as I have already hinted—make history. It is only by reading it and re-reading it that one begins to grasp the range and incisiveness of mind which made the R.A.F. In many respects Lord Trenchard is humane and understanding. But when it comes to facts, he never blinks them.

Lord Trenchard has probed into many matters, and as a result he says: "The rough and ready methods of fifty years ago are unsuitable to-day. The criminal has become more skilful, more mobile, and more scientific, and the methods of dealing with him must not only keep pace with but get ahead of him. Supervision and organization are more than ever necessary, and men are needed capable not only of dealing with crime as it arises, but of anticipating developments and adapting the machine to meet them in advance. . . .

"This need is recognized in the Defence Forces and in the Civil Service and to a very large extent in industry, and the desirability of applying the same principles to the Police Service is now, I believe, generally accepted."

Lord Trenchard proposes to bring the Police Force up to date. In the first place, he wishes to eliminate wastage of time in the force, but he is also out to secure greater "recreational facilities" for his men. He is convinced "that if more attention is paid to what I would call the amenities of a policeman's life when he is off duty, any trouble or expenditure involved would show an ample return in a higher standard of efficiency."

And here is a significant phrase indeed:

In the armed forces much of the work itself has an element of physical exercise and stimulates mental alertness; also duties are in the main carried out under supervision, and slackness or unfitness is soon detected. In the police, on the contrary, there can be no such supervision and much of the actual work is tedious and monotonous, making an antidote to the physical and mental stagnation which often ensues most necessary.

Stagnation! That is one of the many words one has to think about in that paragraph.

On the subject of discipline Lord Trenchard is adamant. He states that the number of offences against discipline is very low having regard to the size of the force. But then come these completely fearless words, which may well make the public think. The italics are ours:

> *The purpose of the Federation and the Branch Boards, as stated in the Police Act of 1919, is to enable members of the forces to consider and bring to the notice of the authorities matters affecting their welfare and efficiency. It was clearly never intended that the organization should be used as a legalized and subsidized machine for fomenting discontent and stimulating resistance to Government decisions and still less for assuming disciplinary powers.*

From that Lord Trenchard goes on to regret the insults and ca'canny methods to which in certain districts special constables have been treated by their professional colleagues.

In that respect these figures are significant. It will, indeed, come as a surprise to many to learn that the number of special constables attached to the reserve on December 31, 1932, was 20,809.

It is easy from all this to see which way Lord Trenchard's mind is working. He means that the police of London shall abide by their individual oaths of allegiance to the King and shall perform their collective duty towards the public.

And so we return again to this question of the Police College.

Why is it necessary? Lord Trenchard calls attention to the somewhat remarkable fact that about 99 per cent. of constables who fail to secure promotion, or never try for it, leave the force as soon as they have sufficient service to receive a full pension. Less than one in five of those who join the Metropolitan Force as constables secure promotion to higher rank. There are at the present time about 8,400 constables who are already beyond the promotion zone and have little incentive to effort during their remaining years of service.

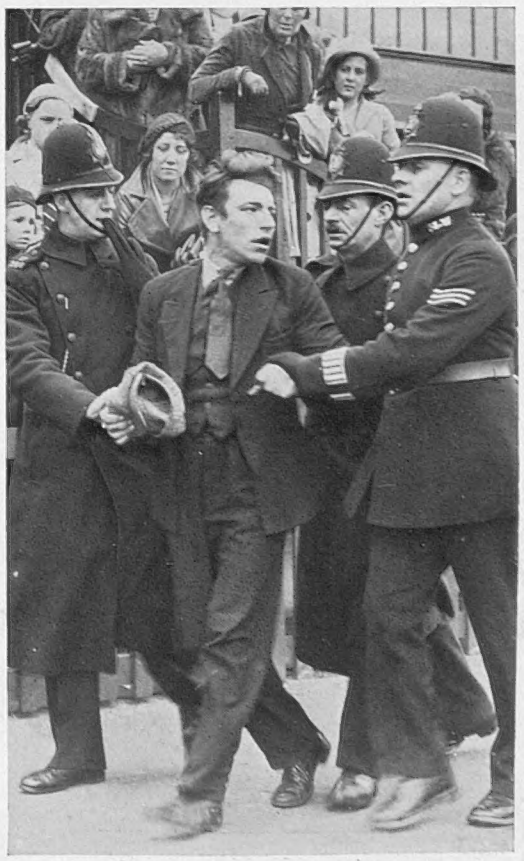
But can there be found a sufficient number of "best brains" within the force itself? Here is Lord Trenchard's conclusion:

A number of chief constableships both at headquarters and in the districts have been and are held with distinction by men promoted from the force itself. In one instance in the past an assistant commissionership was so held. This should occur more frequently. There is no bar to such appointments, and the highest posts are open to those who possess the necessary qualifications. The simple fact is that a system under which all recruitment is to the rank of constable does not produce a sufficiency of such men to meet the demands of an organization so large and complex as the Metropolitan Force.

In that lies the final pronouncement of Lord Trenchard. His purpose is very plain. He is fully determined that the London Police Force shall live up to its reputation of being the best in the world. He is quite clear in his own mind as to what is wrong and how it is to be put right; and the fact that the Government believes him to be right is borne out by the announcement that legislation to ensure his recommendations is on the way.

AS A CONTROLLER OF TRAFFIC: A policeman on duty on London's western arterial highway directs "Miss Modern," complete with plus-fours and motor-cycle, on her way to the country

THE BEST-TRAINED HORSE IN THE MOUNTED POLICE: The King presenting the winner with a silver challenge cup at a Royal Horse Show at Richmond. Members of the force are extremely proud of their mounts which play such an important part in the controlling of crowds



PRESERVERS OF THE PEACE: An obstreperous spectator at Putney learns that the strong arm of the law is a firm and compelling one

MAKALU WITH ITS "ARMCHAIR" ON LEFT: This picture, which appears clearly to be Makalu, taken on the first flight, is, with others of the same peak, helping to solve the mystery of the Everest pictures. In rock and snow texture it is not dissimilar to the picture on the right

THE NOW FAMOUS CLIMBERS' WAY PICTURE: This is the picture which, with growing certitude, may be stated to be not of Everest, but of some much smaller peak. Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Mason thinks it is in the district of the Imja Khola, surveyed in 1925-27

THE EVEREST PICTURES

Further Points and Partial Official Light on the Houston Expedition Pictures of Mount Everest, which have Yet to be Fully Identified

A week has passed since we published a selection of the pictures obtained by the Houston-Everest Air expedition, and ventured to question the titling of certain particular photographs purporting to show the summit and slopes of the giant peak. "The amazing cliffs of black rock and terrific ice slopes" were truly astonishing, but we did not, in some cases, believe that they formed part of the peak or the massif of Everest, the depicting of which was of course a main objective of the expedition. Great interest was aroused in the geographical world and confirmation flowed in from many well-informed quarters. There were, particularly, two plumeless pictures of Everest around which doubt centred. By an odd chance, these were, photographically, two of the most striking of the pictures obtained on the first flight.

One of these pictures, which was entitled "The North-east Slope of Everest, Looking Along the Climbers' Path," is reproduced on a small scale above to refresh the memory of our readers. At the first glance there may be held to be a superficial resemblance to the N.E. aspect of Everest, but a closer examination reveals it to be a much lesser height with detail out of scale for such a general view of Everest as was suggested by the official caption. *The Daily Mail* took up the point of the accuracy of the location of the questioned pictures and interviewed Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Mason, Professor of Geography at Oxford and late superintendent Indian Survey, who is of opinion that the now famous climbers' way picture is almost certainly a view of a much lesser peak "near the head of one of the tributaries of the Imja Khola, which was surveyed by the Survey of India in 1925–27"; he is much more certain on the point of the big picture of the summit of Mount Everest. "The photograph," he writes, "purporting to show the north-west of Everest is without doubt looking along the north-west arête of Makalu, about twelve-and-a-half miles south-west of Everest." If our readers compare the two pictures given here, they will doubtless come to the same conclusion.

A further batch of pictures, taken on the second flight, were published in *The Times* on Monday and the keenly awaited comment of that journal was scanned with interest. "The captions sent home with the oblique photographs have to be checked and confirmed" we learnt . . . Such identifications, for example, as that of the topmost crest of the great mountain, seen at close range through the attendant ice plume, confirm themselves . . . Wherever identication is not self-evident it will be wise to remain, like members of the expedition, undogmatic. In another column it is stated that one photograph, "which seems to represent a view of Everest taken from over the summit of Makalu, will very likely prove on detailed examination to be a photograph of Makalu taken from above the summit of Mount Everest—a hardly less remarkable trophy . . . There are even angles of view from which pictures of different mountains seem to be almost identical . . . But there can be no possibility of mistake in the long run."

In the meantime, the famous climbers' way picture remains a fascinating puzzle. Where was this peak? We would venture to offer one or two points in connection with its identification. The first flight started at 8.25 a.m.; Chamlang was passed over at 9 a.m., and Everest reached at 10.5 a.m. For fifteen minutes the 'planes circled the peak and at 10.20 a.m. left for their base, bearing at first south and then easterly towards Pethangtse, a peak and way between Everest and Makalu. The route then bent steeply towards the south, Makalu being passed on the left hand. The sun would be high in the heavens to the south-east, a position which must be borne in mind in attempting to place, by the resulting shadows and high lights, any particular picture.

We would further call the reader's attention to the clearness and closeness of the detail in the chief Everest picture. It would look as if the flight to the summit had been accomplished and that the 'plane was dropping down towards its base through some obvious gateway on to the plains. The glacier below looks but a little distance beneath the 'plane. The possibility of some peak opposite to and west of Makalu seems to suggest itself with the big masses of the greater heights showing up in the background. But this is at present merely a surmise. We shall, as we read in *The Times*, know in the long run.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE— The arête of Makalu, referred to by Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Mason in the text above, is here seen with its dark, incisive shadow and the arched masses of snow and ice clinging immediately below. Compare with opposite picture

"Times" world copyright pictures

—AND ON THAT: This is a reduced view of the big picture of "Everest's summit." It is clearly a part of Makalu, for the sharp ridge and the arched snow masses fit in with one another, detail for detail with the adjacent picture

ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS IN EGYPT

Results of the 1931–32 Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum

A PYRAMID BROUGHT TO LIGHT: The centre of the Metropolitan Museum of Arts' Expedition during 1931–32 was at Lisht, where the pyramid of the second king of the twelfth dynasty who reigned in the twentieth century B.C. was unearthed. This view shows the now cleared west side of the pyramid and gives an indication of the depredations of plunderers who stole much of the stone in the structure for use in new buildings

Above—A wooden caisson used by the Metropolitan Museum's Egyptian Expedition for entering the burial pit of a small pyramid west of the larger structure of S'en Wosret I at Lisht. The caisson was employed in order to prevent the shifting sand from entering the pit and obstructing the activities of the workmen. In excavating in this district the expedition brought to light a stone caisson made by the ancient Egyptians for sinking a shaft through the sand stratum. So far this is the earliest application of the caisson system ever discovered

Of the many remarkable finds made by the Metropolitan Museum's Expedition, those, seen in the picture on the left, are quite the most important from an historical point of view. The model house, with four grain bins and three rooms, represents the early Egyptian method of treating grain from the time it was threshed to the time that the produce was ready for domestic consumption. The two other models, manned with life-like coloured effigies, are boats of the period. The picture is notable, as it shows the models in their half-excavated state, the workmen having paused to give the photographer an opportunity of recording the exact position of the finds

GREENWICH and its COMING PAGEANT

During June the square of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich will be the scene of one of the greatest and most colourful pageants of the sea that has ever been staged. Here the many stirring events in British history with which Greenwich has been identified will be reconstructed upon a vast stage with the Thames as background and in the shadow of the old white buildings so familiar to seamen of every generation. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family have promised to attend one of the performances.

TRAFALGAR RECONSTRUCTED: This model, which depicts the decisive moment of Nelson's last battle, was made for Cremorne Gardens in 1840. The *Victory*, on the right, is shown being hard pressed by the French flagship *Redoutable* (40), but the *Temeraire* (39) has come to the *Victory's* aid just in time

NELSON'S UNIFORM WHICH HE WORE AT TRAFALGAR: A case of relics in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The left-hand epaulette of the coat was actually shattered by the bullet which killed Nelson. *Right*—Lieutenant G. Hunt, O.B.E., curator of the museum at Greenwich, toasts the King in time-honoured fashion with one of his assistants across the rum barrel of H.M.S. *Victory*

THE PAINTED HALL WHERE THE NELSON RELICS ARE HOUSED AT GREENWICH: The hall, which is 56 ft. square and 50 ft. high, was painted by Sir James Thornhill between 1708 and 1727 and is one of the most stately of our national monuments. The painting in the background comprises a portrait of George I surrounded by figures symbolical of power, wealth, and wisdom, while behind him rises the dome of St. Paul's

The site of Greenwich was chosen by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to command the two main approaches to London from the Continent—the river and the road across Blackheath. The building of the palace was commenced during the minority of Henry VI. Gloucester, however, never saw his plans completed. Henry VI married Margaret of Anjou, who conceived a great jealousy for her husband's uncle, and it is believed that Gloucester's sudden death was due to poisoning at her hands.

Greenwich was Henry VIII's favourite palace, and he added the famous tilt yard and several buildings. The palace grew constantly until the time of Charles I, but during his reign it was looted and largely destroyed.

The Restoration saw the dawn of new life for Greenwich. The remains of the old palace were demolished and new buildings commenced. Charles II completed one of the present buildings, the architect being John Webb, son in-law of Inigo Jones. A second building was completed by Queen Anne.

William and Mary preferred Hampton Court as a residence, but Mary identified herself with the building at Greenwich. Wren's plans for two more buildings were accepted and work went on apace. Wren, however, did not live to see his buildings completed, but his plans were faithfully followed by Ripley, who also built the Admiralty.

The buildings were all completed in the reign of George II, but Greenwich was not again used as a Royal palace. It became a pensioner hospital, the first pensioners to be housed there being the veterans of La Hogue in 1700.

Constant warfare kept Greenwich thronged with pensioners for over a century. After Trafalgar there were over 3,000 in residence, but during the subsequent years of peace the number dwindled until, in 1869, there were only thirty-seven. Greenwich was then closed as a pensioner hospital, and in 1873 the Royal Naval College was transferred to Greenwich from Portsmouth.

Apart from the Naval College, Greenwich contains a museum and the famous Painted Hall. The Painted Hall is in the western Wren building, known as the King William building. When completed, this hall was said to be too bare, and Sir James Thornhill was commissioned to paint it. The work took nineteen years to complete.

The Painted Hall was the scene of Nelson's lying in state. Thence his body was taken to Westminster by river and, after a night at the Admiralty, was conveyed by road to St. Paul's for burial. So great was public feeling that crowds lined the whole route for no less than three days.

It was after the war of 1815 that it was decided that Greenwich should contain a naval museum. What could be more appropriate than that relics of Nelson should be housed in the magnificent hall where the great Admiral had lain in state?

The uniform worn by Nelson at Trafalgar was purchased for the nation from Nelson's daughter Horatia by the Prince Consort. It forms the most impressive and touching exhibit. The most recent acquisition is the famous Chelengk, which was presented to Nelson by the Sultan Selim III to commemorate the victory of the Nile. The thirteen sprays of this great turban jewel represent the ships destroyed by Nelson in the battle. It was presented to Greenwich three years ago.

Apart from the Nelson relics in the Painted Hall there is a general nautical museum housed in the King Charles building. The nucleus of this museum was an exhibition of models collected by a naval surveyor named Settings, and originally housed in Somerset House. The collection was moved to Greenwich in 1817, since when it has been greatly added to, and now contains relics of epics on sea and land and in the frozen wastes of the Arctic and Antarctic.

BLOSSOM TIME IN KENT AND SUFFOLK

Nature's Spring Suit of Gay Colour

RISING FROM A SEA OF BLOSSOM

Newington Church, Kent, surrounded by cherry trees in full bloom, and apple trees about to burst their buds

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

Cherry trees in bloom near Faversham, Kent, and—*left*—Blossom round Kersey Church, Suffolk

FRAMED IN THE BLOSSOM THAT HANGS ON THE BOUGH

Kentish Pictures by Charles Brown

Another delightful springtime scene near Faversham, Kent, where the blossom has been particularly lovely this year, and the countryside has been looking its best

IN REPUBLICAN SPAIN: A hill country village in Spain where the people in spite of the new regime, have remained in the same uncivilized state as they were generations ago

IN PRIMITIVE EUROPE

A Remote Corner of Spain in the Province of Leon, where a Backward People Survive Under the Most Primitive Conditions, Indifferent to Health and the Amenities of Civilized Life

By FERDINAND TUOHY

From Kensington to the Spanish provinces of Leon and Estremadura may be, as the Moth flies, nine or ten hours. As many centuries separate the ideal homes of Olympia and human living conditions in this "Spanish Siberia," so-called. It may not be unsalutary to reflect that people, in this vaunted age of progress, are living quite close at hand in a state the early Britons could have stomached but with difficulty; if thereby come keener appreciation of "the little done, the much to do" (and not only in Estremadura and Léon), the while we spend effort and substance on preparatifs for mutual destruction.

The inhabitants of the remoter parts of the territory in question, bordering Portugal, and having Badajoz as chief centre, probably constitute Europe's last true primitives, and how they didn't die out long ago is explained by just one thing: a monstrous breeding as ever with the lowly. One child in four survived, but that was sufficient. King Alfonso is said to have desired to evacuate the whole desolation when he saw it from a mountain pony, and that was the Republic's first reaction, too. But Madrid has thought again on the subject—partly on account of new possibilities arising from the agrarian revolution—and now veritable expeditionary forces of succour are being despatched up into the barren waste with a view to introducing a modicum of life not only into the fearsome soil, but into the abject peasantry. The defence of the regime also indicated action as necessary because the neglected ones, just responding to external currents, were beginning to form a wild nucleus of revolt. If ever the Spanish Republic falls, it should be before the converging tramp of peasants.

It can be said that until to-day these people were left entirely to themselves, having rarest contact with the outside world. Many of them didn't even have money. Had the Duke come back among them 125 years after, he would have found them the same. In fact, there is small reason to suppose that even returned Moors would have found the outcasts much different. While we others have run the gamut of history, these people have marked time. In morals, customs, hygiene, the mind, way of life. It is fashionable to say that people thus left out are lucky. That surely rather depends upon where!

The principal relief mission so far is that which has taken on the Cabrera region, situated between the towns of Léon, Zamora, and Orense. The Cabrera is a vast mountainous expanse of parched African abruptnesses, void of all communications and completely isolated. Within it are tens of thousands in an unbelievable state of backwardness and misery. C 3 physique! These would be rated C 13. It takes twenty-four hours on mule-back to get up into the area of malediction, a jolting eternity of paths and tracks which in winter are inches of mud (often frozen), and the rest of the year consist of a fine, white sand equally deep. The rare posadas are places that even Borrow must have turned down, for their filth and vermin and absence of consumable victuals, while as for the natives' means of habitation—

"Houses take the form of cabins some ten feet square with a hole in the roof, in which ten to fifteen people live without tables, beds, cooking utensils, or any means of lighting during the long winter months, and with parents and children, and various married couples living in sexual promiscuity."

This is taken from a Government paper, following the arrival back in civilization of a body of doctors and sanitary officials.

These people live exclusively from year's end to year's end on potatoes and chestnuts, boiled into a permanent stew. "The peasants who have bread to eat," goes on the report, "are considered rich, and this bread is a mixture of rye and bran, which even the dogs we had with us would not touch after a hard day of eight hours." Whatever clothing there is, the women weave and spin, but for the most part the thin, bronzed bodies are covered with tatters. Perhaps "bronze" is not quite the word, for it denotes a benign Andalusian sun, whereas these cavemen and women and children—they are hardly more—show a bodily effect that derives as much from harsh winter as from timeless dirt. The Cabrerans live much as animals. Needless to say, illiteracy has been complete.

Nothing has been known to them that passed beyond the little town of Ponferrada, and not much that passed there, for it has been too far away—twenty miles and more of arduous descent and ascent—and the few who arrived there periodically were the stronger men and boys who went thither to beg. Latterly a good many of these, caught up by the new spirit, have not gone back to their arid fastnesses, and they are beginning to create a begging problem in more than one town.

The Cabrerans have also been used to dying like animals. Without a doctor on the horizon, nor even, surprisingly, a priest. Into this world within a world children were born pêle-mêle, to grow up (such as did) long-haired, wild-eyed, seared with dirt, in rags, and not extending in speech beyond a vocabulary of a couple of hundred words. Did death come in winter, in the snows, then the body would lie outside until the thaw, sometimes for weeks. No cemeteries. The one official used to be a Government representative who, among other things, tried to collect taxes! In one hub townlet, La Baña, where such taxes would be paid over, sometimes on the fruits of the begging down below in the civilized world, commerce between the inhabitants remains on a pure barter basis.

It is much the same story throughout the inaccessible districts of "the Spanish Siberia"—Estremadura, where there has been wholesale looting and rebellion, being even poorer and more desolate than Léon. The Arabs introduced various irrigation and agricultural methods and nothing has been done since. The natural dryness of the whole region has been allowed to prevail devastatingly century after century. Abandoned. Together with its humans. All that Estremadura was good for was the wool one saw on sale in the fashionable city shops. That wool came off the vast flocks of black and white sheep, almost the only local livestock, and which one encountered on the few roads. Perhaps an olive plantation here and there; or a few acres under cultivation. Nothing more. Just a hamlet every ten or fifteen miles, and the outlines of which would be (and remain) identical: the dual fortress effect of sombre and brooding church and castle.

As one ascends into the higher altitudes, the scene grows much worse. Here is the cut-off land of famine and of exposure to the rudest elements: in winter to the extremity of cold, in summer, to torrid heat. Man's principal companions, a particularly deadly mosquito, and carrion birds. Grandees owned this unblessed land in sweeping stretches. They leased it out in all its desolation, parched by centuries of African sun, and not a wink of advance or improvement.

Who ever thought of the people up there, in those places? Half savage and uncouth and deep in their own decay?

No rents or rates, almost modern comfort in some cases, and natural shelter from the seasonal extremes of heat and cold. And outside, or rather on top (since most of these places are underground), as likely as not a smiling and moderately fertile scene. Very different, anyhow, from the appalling stone cabins of the rocky, barren Cabrera are the troglodyte agglomerations, say, of Aragon or Catalonia, entire towns in miniature cut in the rock. (One suburb of Lerida is underground and it is amusing to watch the inhabitants popping up one by one, the children first, to go to school). But far and away the finest example is Guadix, about thirty miles from Granada and, unlike the Albaïcin, as yet untouristed. Guadix is troglodyte metropolis, where several thousands — I was told 20,000 — live inside the mountain; just that. Even as did their ancestors, on account of the high cost locally of wood and stone and also on the principle of seeking refuge from the climate in the so-reasonable bosom of "tierra madre." Not running to earth, but strolling leisurely in and out of this; paying visits; calling to see the latest gadgets; social life in the cliff.

The average apartment at Guadix consists of several pieces opening on to a central corridor, and to one side a kitchen that may have a chimney anything from 60 to 70 ft. high piercing to the surface. Electric light is frequent, and the furniture is infinitely better than that to be found in the "oliveros" round Seville. And if the men haven't yet got telephones the women freely have sewing machines. The clou of Guadix, doubtless of all troglodity, is the luxury villa, "the residence of honour," as the Americans might say, of a family that for generations has decorated pottery. It is three storeys high, with a winding outside stair, and it has proper doors and windows, while a façade has been painted to give the effect of an old-world palace. From a terrace one surveys Troglopolis and discovers oneself above a sea of giraffe-like chimneys which, in turn, rise from flamboyant façades, though nothing like the potter's. And over there is the church right in the rock like the rest.

Such havens will remain—because why alter them—at least a long time yet, until the Republic positively has pesetas and pesetas to spend in bettering the retarded common lot. But with "Siberia" it is other, and the relief of moral and material misery there must be undertaken if only for the good name of a modern nation.

IN THE PROVINCE OF LEON: A group of peasants and their children from the Cabrera river region. These inhabitants are somewhat better clothed and of more powerful physique than many living in the province

EUROPE, AFRICA, AMERICA

News in Pictures from Three Continents

AMERICAN BEER ARRIVES IN PARIS! Members of the American colony in Paris had potent evidence last week of their country's re-adoption of beer as a beverage when the first barrels of liquor, manufactured legally, arrived at a well-known bar in the Rue Daunou. The legalized breweries in America have quickly put the gangster with his adulterated brew out of business

MAY DAY IN PARIS: Communists and members of the extreme labour factions had their usual May Day bout of hostilities with the police in the French capital. One thousand Communists attempted to march on the city from Vincennes and attacked the gendarmerie with bricks and stones

STREET FIGHTING: A scene during the march of the 1,000 Communists, some of whom are seen retreating before the police. Parisians less dissatisfied with the régime wisely kept indoors during hostilities

SALVAGING THE WRECKED "AKRON": The U.S.S. *Falcon*, which is conducting salvage operations off the New Jersey coast, hauls in the 365 gallon fuel service gas tank from engine No. 4 of the ill-fated airship *Akron*

AT THE GRAVE OF A ZULU CHIEF: Solomon Ka Dinizulu, hereditary chief of the Zulus, who was born in St. Helena during his father's banishment, was buried recently at Mahashini amid scenes of impressive ceremonial. Four to five thousand natives gathered at the chief's house and followed his body to the graveside, where he was buried by the Bishop of Zululand. The body was sewn in a white bull's hide, specially slaughtered for the purpose, and the grave was covered with a cairn of stones. Some of the chief's sixty wives are seen kneeling on the ground during the ceremony

THE U.S.S. "FALCON" RECOVERS THE WRECKED PORT FIN OF THE "AKRON": Special salvage apparatus had to be employed to land this giant section of the airship, which weighed several tons and contained the *Akron's* secondary control station

TRAGEDY IN THE CALABRIAN MOUNTAINS: Another serious air disaster took place last week when a French air-liner made a sudden dive while crossing the Calabrian mountains in Italy. The machine crashed on a gentle slope dotted with large trees. The three survivors were rescued in a state of extreme exhaustion

CHILDREN of the

A CLASS AT THE MUSEUM: The school authorities, knowing the value of the British Museum as a training centre, take the children to study original works of art and make notes about them for themselves. These zealous young school children, with the floor as their desk, are busily at work in one of the galleries

The great family of children, of no fewer than 700,000. Every in the morning till Friday scamper, or walk to their care and a mental training to to learn that London's care year ahead in general intelli

Every London child is endowed at birth with £150, the cost of its education, which begins at the age of five. This is the compulsory age, but many younger than this are to be found in the schools, at the voluntary desire of the parents, who find that the large airy schoolrooms are better than the crowded conditions of the home. Let us follow two new arrivals at an infant school—Jimmie and Ivy, the children of a London artisan—whom their mother brings and hands over to the head-teacher. The young folk are not separated but remain together while they are infants—learning at first what a well-to-do-child picks up in the nursery. Jimmy and Ivy sit on tiny chairs at small tables suitable to their size, and find that lovely toys are produced from cupboards with which they learn to play in an orderly fashion. They also are taught little songs and dances, have rest hours lying on special hammock beds; such lessons as they have are scarcely to be differentiated from play. One day, very soon after they arrive, they are examined by the doctor, who pays regular visits to the school and advises the mother that Jimmie would be better for cod liver oil, which is administered at the school at a small charge of a few pence a week. As they grow older they move into another class, learning their letters and figures, as they are supposed to be able to read by the time they leave the infant school at the age of seven.

When Jimmie reaches his seventh birthday he is parted from Ivy, who is only five and a half, and goes to the Junior Boys' School, usually on the top floor of the same large school, where he remains until he is eleven — learning reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and geography. Ivy goes to the Junior Girls' School on the second floor when she also climbs to the age of seven. When the head-teacher noticed that Ivy was looking very frail she made inquiries, and learnt that the father was out of work and that the family was having rather a bad time. She brought the matter to the Care Committee of the school, who after investigation ordered free meals for Jimmie and Ivy till the father got back to work. These meals were provided at the Cookery Centre, which was in a house in the school grounds.

At the age of eleven Jimmie went in for the scholarship examination and, as he was a bright lad, was successful in getting a place in a secondary school, where he would remain till he was sixteen, his parents receiving a grant to enable him to be on a footing with the other scholars. Ivy was not up to scholarship standard, and so at eleven years old she went on to the senior school, a mixed one for boys and girls, where she had advanced education and also learnt domestic economy — cooking, laundry, and housewifery, attending the cookery centre, at which she had once had free meals. There she learnt how to wash and iron, cook and bake, and how to keep house in a thrifty, tidy fashion. The boys in the senior school were learning handicraft—carpentry and metal work.

The part of the school instruction which Ivy liked best were the educational visits, when one of the teachers took twenty of the children at a time to see the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Natural History Museum, and the British Museum or National Gallery. She liked sitting on the floor while a nice gentleman explained all about the pictures, which were very different from anything they had at home. Afterwards they had to write something about it in school. And then there were wireless lectures every week, when trips to China or South Africa were described; or a day in the life of an ordinary person in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and so on. As Ivy was particularly clever at needlework she went in for a trade scholarship when she was over thirteen, and was awarded a course in dressmaking for three years. When she had finished her course

AN OPEN-AIR CLASS: Equipped with small desks and weather and enjoy their painting class in the open. his canvas with

HOW WIRELESS ASSISTS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION: Students at Wembley School follow the notes with their books and keyboard diagrams during the music class—a reminder of the outstanding part which wireless can play in the furtherance of education

LONDON'S OPEN-

When most of us were shivering in the bitterly cold days of January, when the frosts were hard, and the thermometer remained below freezing all day, there were some hundreds of children in London who were sitting in the open air doing their lessons. Of course, they were warmly clad, wearing their big coats, and with blankets wrapped round their knees: but there they were, out in the open, with no artificial heat. It seems almost incredible that under such conditions children could write, and yet if you were to see the handwriting you would find little to differentiate it from that done in the ordinary warm schoolroom. There are frequent breaks for exercise, when the children run round and round the playground and do exercises till their circulation is restored and they can get back to work.

There are all these different kinds of open-air

L.C.C.: How it Watches Over a Huge Family and Cares for it in Body and Mind

which the L.C.C. is father and mother, numbers day of the week, from Monday at 9 o'clock afternoon, members of this huge family toddle, several schools, there to receive a physical fit them for their future life. It is gratifying for her children is such that the child is one gence of the children of New York and Paris

the Principal of her school assisted her to obtain a good situation.

The school careers just traced of these two children are open to any London child who has the opportunity of advancing by means of scholarships to secondary education, and from that, by further scholarships, to the University or to training in the various branches of handicraft—carpentry, bookbinding, engineering, tailoring for boys; and dressmaking, millinery, hairdressing, upholstery, etc., for girls. Throughout their school career they are examined by doctors and dentists, getting treatment at clinics for a nominal charge of 2s., or free, if their parents are unable to pay.

Jimmie and Ivy do not have to use dog-eared old school books, battered with use and smothered with ink blots. Every school is well equipped with up-to-date books, bright and fresh, in every way attractive for children. The head teacher possesses a book, known as the Requisition List, from which can be selected books on all the subjects taught in the school such as general readers, geographical and historical books, and also books suitable for the school lending library. Not only are there nice books to handle in the schools, but Jimmie and Ivy can take books home with them to read on winter evenings. In some of the poorer districts the schools are kept open after school hours for the children to stay and read quietly, a great boon if the homes are very crowded. The Requisition List has been drawn up with great care and is the result of the experience of teachers and experts who have had intimate knowledge of what a child both likes and needs. The head teachers go up to County Hall every year, where they can see copies of all the books in the list and make their annual selection for their own schools.

Not only are there interesting books to handle, but Jimmie and Ivy see delightful pictures on the walls of their schoolrooms—pictures which are explained to them and give them an idea of great historical events, many of them being reproductions of Academy pictures of the great Masters. There are also landscapes from all parts of the world, glowing cornfields, the lumber woods of Canada, great lakes and snowy mountains, all widening the ideas of the children who live in cities.

The time-table of an elementary school varies slightly in every school, but so many hours in the week have to be spent on certain specified subjects. The famous three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic—occupy ten hours out of a twenty-seven-and-a-half hour week; history, geography, singing, and drawing may take five hours, with practical work (needlework for girls and carpentry, etc., for boys) for another five hours, the remaining seven hours being divided between Bible instruction, physical exercises, and intervals for play. There are pianos in every school for the teaching of singing and dancing; and as many schools now possess gramophones, the appreciation of good music is now possible for every Jimmie and Ivy who take any interest in their own education.

Physical exercises do not merely consist of drilling, but are largely what is known as organized games which take place in the playground or in neighbouring parks. Cricket and football are played in the parks, the pitches being allotted at the beginning of the season and the matches taking place on Saturday mornings. The girls play netball. All the apparatus for the games is supplied from the generous Requisition List. B. H.

HISTORY MADE INTERESTING: History classes in the schoolroom are supplemented by visits to the Tower and similar historic spots. The boys are seen here at the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall studying a suit of armour found on the battlefield at Barnet

LINING UP FOR RATIONS: An everyday scene at the North Islington Nursery School, Tollington Park, where there are about fifty children about the ages of two and five years. These children are looked after while their mothers are at work, but are taught at dinner time to wait on one another

tables, and warmly wrapped up, these children defy the Note the temperamental artist in the background plying three brushes

AIR SCHOOLS

schools—those for children who have definite signs of tuberculosis, those for anæmic or generally debilitated children, and residential open-air schools to which children are sent who require country air convalescence.

All the open-air schools are mixed schools, for boys and girls over the age of eight, who stay at the school until the doctor considers they have so improved that they are fit to return to an ordinary school.

In the summer the children arrive at nine o'clock in the morning and stay until six o'clock in the evening, during which time they are supplied with breakfast, dinner, and tea. The parents are asked to contribute 3s. 4d. a week, which is the maximum charge for the food. If the parents are unable to pay the full amount the School Care

(Continued on page 242)

LEYTON SCHOOLGIRLS STUDY NATURE AT FIRST HAND: Girls of the senior school, Trumpington Road, Leyton, have one hour a week nature study. If the weather is fine the time is spent in Epping Forest, where the children, under the supervision of their mistresses, go fishing in the ponds to add to the stock of their new aquarium

CHILDREN of the L.C.C.

THE CULT OF THE OPEN AIR: There is a world of difference between lessons out of doors and in a classroom, however airy, for the particular type of children who require this treatment. These L.C.C. school children at North Woolwich, warmly protected with special blankets from the cold air, attend classes in the grounds of the school throughout the year

OPEN-AIR LESSONS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: Children wrapped in their special rugs, and equipped with chairs and folding desks, enjoy their lessons in the open air

RESTING IN THE SUNSHINE AT SPRINGWELL HOUSE: The open-air school at Springwell House, Clapham Common, where, with lessons and games in the spacious grounds, the children are restored to health. They are seen taking their daily rest

BLANKETS OUT ON A COOL DAY: Another view of the school at Springwell House. Each child is supplied with a blanket for use during open-air classes or during the daily rest period illustrated in this picture

LONDON'S OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS

(Continued from p. 241)

Committee, after going into the circumstances of the family, decide what sum should be paid. The hours at school are longer than at the ordinary elementary school (there is even attendance on Saturday mornings), but there are long intervals for rest, and the day's work is very varied, boys and girls working in the garden and helping to make things for use in the school, besides the time spent on physical exercises and organized games.

Whenever it has been possible the L.C.C. has taken an existing house with a garden of at least an acre, on which the shelters are built for the different classes. Some of these houses were, at one time, delightful private residences, built 100 or 150 years ago, and still retain the solid mahogany doors and beautifully carved fireplaces of their day. Now the lawns over which crinolined ladies used to walk have five or six shelters built upon them, looking, so the children say, like bandstands, or Japanese houses, with open sides. Long stretches of canvas are supplied which can be put up if the rain is driving very strongly from any particular direction, but as the roofs have deep eaves the rain does not penetrate except under exceptional circumstances. Rain is not regarded as any difficulty, it is only fog and *very* extreme cold which send the open-air school child indoors. It is extraordinary how soon the pale-faced child, who has had no appetite at home, gets used to the new conditions, eats his food among the other children without any fuss, to the great surprise of the parents.

Besides the regular open-air schools there are many open-air classes to be found in the playgrounds, and on the flat roofs of the ordinary elementary schools, and in the parks—the most enviable being the one in St. James's Park, where the children have their lessons under the shade of the trees.

The tuberculosis schools are for those children who have been notified as suffering from the disease and who would be prevented from attending an ordinary school. Many of them have already had a period of sanatorium treatment, and if the disease becomes active again the tuberculosis doctor in attendance recommends their return to a sanatorium again. Their health is watched closely, temperatures being regularly taken, but in most other respects the methods are largely those of the ordinary open-air school, meals being provided in a similar way. Unless the child is passed as fit by the doctor, he stays until he is sixteen years old. In spite of all health disabilities the educational standard of these schools is quite up to the average, and the permanent benefit to health is shown in the after careers of the children.

The third type of open-air school is the residential one, which really performs the part of a convalescent school, bracing up children who need a change of air. When the school medical officer finds a child requiring this particular kind of tonic, his or her name is put down for a vacancy at one of the three residential schools. Fares are paid to the schools, but the parents are asked to supply suitable clothing and to pay something towards the cost of the food, the sum varying according to the family means.

Two of the schools are at the seaside; one at Margate and the other at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and the third is close to Bushey Park.

The health of the London school child, as can be seen, is very well looked after, and it only suffers when its parents refuse the advice of the doctor, decline to have their children's teeth "meddled with," and think they know better than any doctor because they have had a large family. The doctor, in such cases, will patiently tell the mother that though she may have had seven babies he has had considerably more experience, having watched over hundreds of children. Fortunately such parents are decreasing in number; most of the mothers who attend the medical inspections appreciate the careful examination which takes place, and are anxious to do all they can for their children. In consequence, the health of the children has improved enormously.

B. H.

DIVERSION: A four-legged intruder during an open-air writing class in St. James's Park creates a diversion in the morning's work

HOME — The Trooping of the Colour Rehearsal — The Duke of York in Derbyshire — Air Display for an African Chief — Roman Paving Unearthed in the East Riding — NEWS

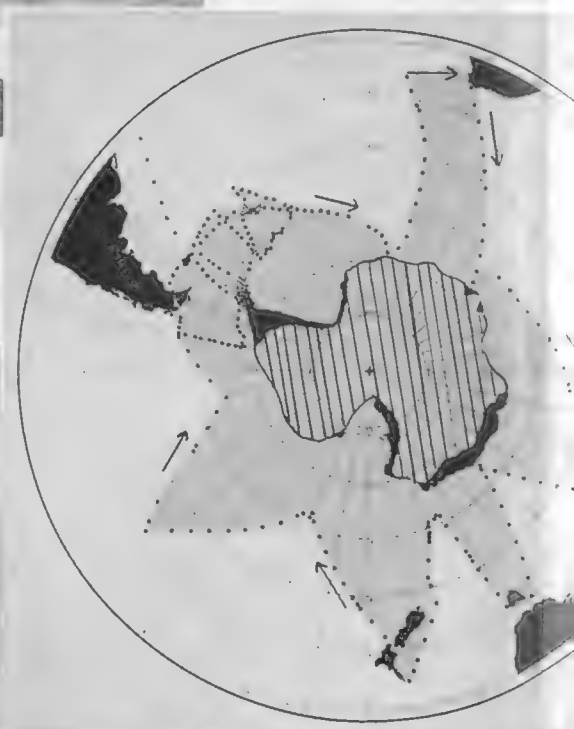
THE GUARDSMAN WHO FAINTED: During last week's rehearsal for the annual ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour a guardsman fainted as the result of the close atmosphere. A policeman is seen assisting him from the parade ground while a colleague carries his rifle

WAKILI, a grandson of the Emir Katsina, holds his ears as aeroplanes, firing machine guns, give a display in his father's honour

THE DUKE OF YORK, who made a two-day tour last week as President of the Industrial Welfare Society, talks with Mr. S. Page, an employee with forty-seven years' service, at the Stanton Ironworks, Ilkeston

A RELIC OF ROMAN TIMES IN THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS: This beautiful piece of Roman tessellated paving was discovered during ploughing operations at Breeze Farm, Rudston, East Riding. Lady Macdonald is seen inspecting the find

RETURN OF "DISCOVERY II": THE AN



"DISCOVERY II."—A STEEL-BUILT SHIP AMONG THE ANTARCTIC ICE: The ship, known officially as the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II*, was built in 1929, and is not to be confused with the timber ship *Discovery*, made famous by the Scott Expedition to the Ross Sea. This later ship has been making V-shaped cruises round the Antarctic Continent turning back at the pack-ice edge. She is the first ship to have spent the winter months in these waters

AN INLET OF THE SEA ON DECEPTION ISLAND with the farthest south whaling station in mid-view

VISITED BY THE "DISCOVER

Last week there returned to English waters The Royal Research Ship, *Discovery II*, which has been engaged in the remarkable task of circumnavigating the Antarctic Continent. This she has accomplished in a series of V-shaped cruises, the first of which started from South Africa in April last. Only four vessels have previously accomplished this; none has continued its work throughout the winter months, as has been the case with *Discovery II*. The special task of the *Discovery II* was to find out where the cold waters of the Antarctic met the warmer waters towards the north, a matter of vital interest in connection with whaling research upon which this vessel has been engaged, for, contrary to what one might expect, the colder waters are much richer in the animalculæ upon which whales feed. The *Discovery* crossed the boundary of these two water areas on twenty different occasions during her circumnavigation of the Antarctic Continent.

The whole of the cruises were not made absolutely continuously but were closely linked together after necessary pauses for refitting, and so forth. The map given in the centre of this double page will show where these zigzag cruises took place. The area enclosed by them is shown by a slightly darker tint; the known areas of land on the Antarctic Continent are indicated by solid black regions. The cruises in each case were continued towards the south u ice-pack was met when the other leg of a V- o be pursued. All the time continuous echo soundi deepest of all being obtained at the south Sandw depth of 4,484 fathoms was reached, an operati a few minutes by the process of listening for an ec of the sea, a method which dispenses with the old plumb. Several of the islands which stand as outpo Continent were visited by *Discovery II*.

One of them, Deception Island, was of special

NTARCTIC CONTINENT CIRCUMNAVIGATED

AN ARCHED TABULAR BERG ENCOUNTERED BY THE "DISCOVERY II" DURING HER V-SHAPED CRUISES: The *Discovery II* has been engaged during the whole of the past year, including the winter, in delimitating the cold water area of the Antarctic seas. A series of V-shaped cruises has enabled the convergence of the warmer area with the cold (richer in whale food) to be plotted on a series of charts

SCOVERY II": The Ice-covered rocks of Coronation Island. *On right*—Crew of "Discovery II"

south until the edge of an a V- or a W-cruise would soundings were taken, the Sandwich deep where a operation which only took or an echo from the bottom the old steel wire and lead as outposts to the Antarctic.

special interest, as on one of its inlets is to be found the southernmost whaling station in the world. This consists of a few huts, stores and a small church. When Shackleton's expedition was floating on the ice pack of the Weddell Sea, the possibility of making for Deception Island was discussed, and the ship's carpenter drew out on the snow a plan for building a ship from the timber of this little church; this contemplated act of sacrilege never took place. The loss of the expedition's leader added a note of sadness to the return of the *Discovery II*, but as this took place within a few hours of home waters the event has not in any way marred the excellent scientific accomplishment of this remarkable cruise of *Discovery II*.

LORD ROSEBERY'S MIRACLE: Third in the Derby and winner of the Newmarket and the valuable Eclipse Stakes this speedy three-year-old of last season has now been retired to the stud where its performances on the turf foreshadow a successful career

THE £ s.d. OF RACING

A Sport of Glorious Uncertainty which Must be Indulged in for its Own Sake, which Sometimes Yields a Profit and More Often does not, where Luck Predominates, and Dame Fortune Distributes her Favours with All the Thrill of the Unexpected

By CHARLES GRAVES

The flat racing season of 1933 is now rapidly reaching its zenith with the Derby only a fortnight away and Ascot, where no race is worth less than £1,000, another fortnight later. What does it cost to be an owner to-day?

There are between 4,000 and 5,000 people who have registered their colours as race-horse owners under Jockey Club rules, and have anything from one to forty horses in training. Of these, less than two hundred owners show a profit on the year. It is evident, therefore, that anyone who enters the ranks of the owners ought to do so in the frame of mind in which he would buy a grouse moor or a yacht or a long stretch of fishing—with the certain knowledge, in fact, that it is bound to cost him a good deal for his pleasure. The distinction is, however, that racing can show a profit which gives you that little something extra which the others have not got. The Aga Khan, for example, has won as much as £73,000 in one year.

H.H. THE AGA KHAN: A notable breeder of bloodstock

But what *does* racing cost? Well, I have been talking this week to a race-horse owner on a small scale and have learnt all about it. He became one three years ago and has owned six horses, and his career as an owner, though slightly above the average in way of luck, may be considered typical. Of course, if you are rich enough, you start by buying expensively bred colts to produce the basis of a stud. If they are successful as race-horses, so much the better, but it does not follow that because they are good on the course they are necessarily good at the stud. The reverse also holds good, and a bad horse in training costs just as much as a good one. This is between £4 and £5 a week. Of course, a good horse is entered for higher class races, and so the entrance fees and the forfeits are correspondingly more. On the other hand, also of course, he has more chance of winning larger stakes.

MR. W. M. G. SINGER, owner of Orwell, last year's Derby favourite

By contrast, the owner with no ideas of building up a stud, and who in consequence has only one or two race-horses, has a great deal of enjoyment, and if he is a gambler has the chance of winning money too. Supposing he buys only a couple of selling platers, he has even then quite a chance of making a nice profit. There have been several cases in recent years where a horse has been bought out of a selling plate race for as much as 2,000 guineas, although it cost the original owner only a hundred or so. Cases in point are Corporal bought by Mr. Horner of the Jockey Club for 2,000 guineas, and Paul Caret bought by Mr. Washington Singer, also of the Jockey Club, for 1,800 guineas.

THE DERBY WINNER, 1932: Mr. Tom Walls' April the Fifth, with F. Lane in the saddle

There are many examples of horses which have won high-class handicaps, and even classic races, which started very modestly as yearlings. A yearling can develop out of all recognition, and that is part of the fun. In the case of Miracle, which is owned by Lord Rosebery, this horse was bought for 150 guineas from Lord Beaverbrook as a yearling. As a two-year-old it won the Gimcrack Stakes; it won a valuable two-year-old race at Goodwood; and then won the Eclipse Stakes which was worth about £12,000 that year.

The question of forfeits enters largely into the debit side of the owner's racing accounts. While it costs only £5 to enter an animal for the Derby it costs £25, £50, and even £100 at the later stages to take it out of the race. If an owner is fortunate enough to find that his horse has no chance he can scratch it in the very early stages.

But let us turn to the experience of Mr. R. L. Jolliffe, the owner of whom I have been speaking. One day he woke up with the decision to become a race-horse owner. He went to the Brighton Meeting and saw a horse called Lion Heart winning a race. It was by Gay Crusader, and he bought it for 180 guineas. He then went to Weatherby's in Cavendish Square to register his colours. This cost 5s. and a good deal of trouble, for it is extremely difficult to find distinctive colours which have not been used. In his case he chose as his basis straw colour and then added a red cap. He was told that this was inclined to conflict with the Duke of Richmond's colours, so he added red-striped sleeves. It is obviously important that a new owner should not have colours that could ever be mistaken for those of existing owners, particularly great men like my Lords Derby, Rosebery, Lonsdale, and Ellesmere, not to mention Mr. J. B. Joel and Mr. J. A. Dewar.

In the meantime Mr. Jolliffe got hold of Victor Smythe, the trainer, and asked him if he would like to take charge of the horse. Smythe was delighted to do so, and Mr. Jolliffe's liability at once became £4 10s. a week for training expenses, plus a heath tax (for Smythe trains at Epsom, where a charge is made for the gallops). This amounted to £10 a year, as at Newmarket. The horse also had a few engagements which were taken over at the new owner's option.

The next business was to find a suitable race in view of the trainer's opinion of Lion Heart. It was decided to run him at the next meeting at Brighton, where he started second favourite to Lord Derby's veteran, Cap-a-pie. Lion Heart looked a winner all over and the new owner was naturally thrilled at the prospects, but while his horse was being shouted home by the expert race readers it suddenly pulled up lame and ended nearer last than first. As Lion Heart had not very good legs, Mr. Jolliffe decided to give him to his trainer as a present, for it did not seem worth while persevering with his new purchase. The trainer thought he had a great stroke of luck, but though he ran the horse all over the country for twelve months he finally gave him away at Carlisle to someone else.

LORD DERBY: A name synonymous with racing and its greatest prize

You might have thought that this first experience would have been enough for the new owner, but once bitten, twice as eager. Undiscouraged by Lion Heart's failure he bought the winner, Cap-a-pie, and though most people thought it was asking for trouble he kept the horse until the following season, winning three races and, in addition, being placed twice. The value of the stakes was £500. The price he bought it at was £375. He sold it ultimately for £75. I leave it to you to work out the loss and profit account. The cost of the horse had been £4 10s. a week for fourteen months. Add to that the travelling expenses for the horse, payments and presents to the jockeys, and the entrance fees. Subtract from that the occasional substantial wagers which proved successful.

THE CHAMPION JOCKEY: Gordon Richards, the unassuming jockey who rode over 180 winners last year and has started the present flat racing season with a series of brilliant successes. He won the valuable Chester Cup last week on Mr. R. F. Watson's Dick Turpin

We might now turn to the cost of jockeys and others intimately connected with the running of the race. A jockey is paid £3 10s. for a mount. In addition, he will be paid a proportion of his travelling expenses if he is riding for other people, and the whole of his expenses if he is riding for you personally, and none at all if he is on the spot. The cost is naturally governed by the distance he has to come, and, incidentally, jockeys always charge first-class fares. If the jockey wins, he is entitled to £5 for the ride, but in addition he receives a recognized present from the owner. In arriving at this sum it is usual to give 10 per cent. of the stake, with a probable minimum of £25. Thus on a £500 race the jockey will receive £50, plus £5, plus a proportion of the travelling expenses. Gordon Richards was said publicly to have made £15,000 last year. He contradicted this, but one would not be far wrong if one assessed his earnings and presents last year at a total aggregate of £10,000.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE, owner of the flying Myrobella

With regard to this matter of presents, these are governed often by the result of the wager made, or the coup made by the owner. A coup can be defined in two ways. Either you place your bets so cleverly without disturbing the market that you reward yourself with a long-priced winner; or you discover you have a horse in a certain race which, with ordinary luck in running, ought to have so much weight in hand that you are encouraged to bet freely whatever the state of the market.

(Continued on a later page)

LION HEART: The horse which Mr. Graves discusses in describing the ups and downs of ownership

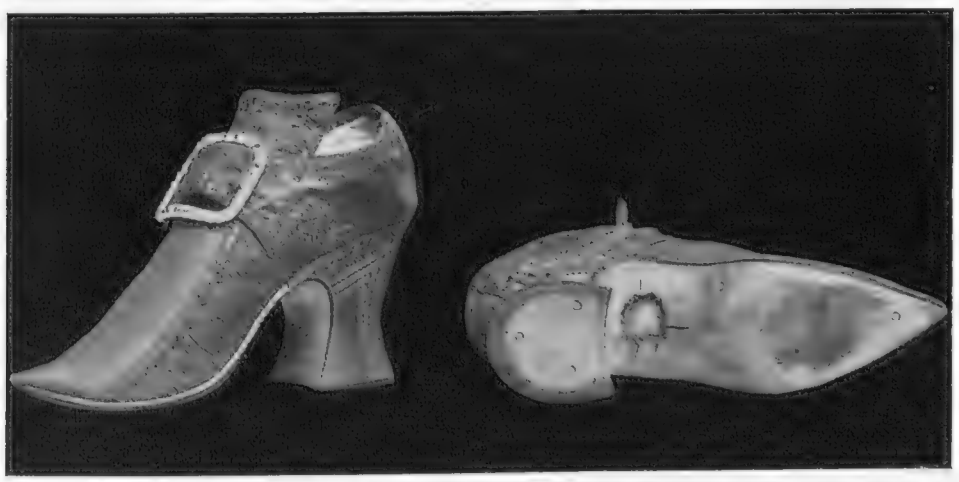
WESTMINSTER'S WAX EFFIGIES RESTORED

FUNERAL EFFIGIES OF HISTORIC INTEREST: These remarkable effigies in Westminster Abbey, some of which have recently been cleaned and restored by experts at the Victoria and Albert Museum, are to be seen above the historical Islip Chapel

THE NELSON EFFIGY: In the case in the background is the Nelson effigy which was made after the great commander's burial in St. Paul's to lure sightseers back to the Abbey. *Left*—The effigy of Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, which was carried at her funeral

THE COAT, as it has now been restored, used to clothe the effigy of the three-year-old Marquess of Normanby. It is of cerise-coloured velvet with silver braid and froggings

A SECTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL in which the Duchess of Buckingham's effigy was clothed. This petticoat front is of silk tissue brocaded with silk and silver gilt thread



SILVER-BUCKLED SHOES woven of green satin with gilt braiding from the effigy of the Duchess of Buckingham

THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY: This child, with the features of a young man, died in 1715 at the age of three

Now that these effigies have been restored and much of their lovely colouring has once again been brought to light, many will wish to visit the Abbey and re-study these figures which, clothed in the garments once worn by those whom they represent, demonstrate so interestingly the fashions of other years. They are placed together in a chamber above Abbot Islip's Chapel, and were borne in the funeral processions of those interred in the Abbey. After each funeral the effigy of the dead personage was placed on a catafalque, where it remained near the grave for several weeks. Later it was removed to a glass case nearby. Nearly a century ago, however, the custom of bearing these effigies at funerals having long died out, the figures were removed to the Islip Chapel where ever since they have been placed together on public view. Perhaps the most interesting of these effigies is that of the Duchess of Buckingham, that arrogant daughter of James II about whom history has recorded so many entertaining facts. The Duchess died in 1743, but it is thought that the wax effigy was made under her personal supervision in 1735.

THE AESTHETICS OF SLUMDOM

Old-time Houses that Need Not and Should Not be Demolished

A DOORWAY IN ALBURY STREET, DEPTFORD: This beautiful portico, carved long before the neighbourhood received the title slum, typifies the many fine pieces of architectural beauty which are being swept away by slum clearance

BEAUTY IN THE SLUMS: Another doorway in Rotherhithe. The district is rich in unexpected pieces of old-world architecture well worthy of their preservation if care and thought are applied to the reconditioning of the houses

TINWORTH STREET, LAMBETH: An area where the problem of overcrowding is complicated by the industrial expansion from the river, but the artistic charm of which is undeniable

IN OVERCROWDED WALWORTH: Even in this seriously overcrowded neighbourhood the houses still retain their quaint old-world charm

CONDEMNED AS A SLUM!! Johnson Street, Westminster, where some of these picturesque old-world houses overlooking the playing ground are now being pulled down. For many years they have provided material for the artist's sketch book, but the problem of making the interiors habitable has been the primary reason for their destruction

The slum problem is very much to the fore at present, with the Government's new Housing Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons and the desire to create employment in the building trade. No better form of employment could be found than slum clearance.

The prevailing opinion about slums is that they are areas of ugly and sordid houses entirely unfit for human habitation. This is very often untrue. A certain percentage of slumdom is certainly made up of such houses, and some of the worst areas of these have arisen of recent years and consist of acres and acres of badly built bungalows, old railway carriages, and tin sheds all huddled together without the vestige of a drainage system, sprawling on the outskirts of a big commercial town. These are unhealthy slums from their very birth.

Some areas which are now condemned as slums have in the past been the fashionable quarter of the town, and consist of lovely old houses which are, or have been until recent years, perfectly sound structurally. There are many instances of this migration of the rich population of a town from one district to another, with the subsequent occupation of the houses they have left by the poorer classes.

Any area, no matter how fine the houses, can become a slum if it is subjected to two conditions: the gross overcrowding of too many people into it, and if the houses are allowed to deteriorate structurally. Both of these circumstances happen. Once a district has become overcrowded and consequently dirty and untidy, the epithet "slum" becomes attached to it. Once the word slum appears the owners of the property often become chary of spending money on the upkeep of the houses for fear of a future slum clearance. Sometimes the process is reversed, but the result is the same—the whole area goes from bad to worse, with more overcrowding, more dirt, more dilapidation, rats, mice, bugs, and disease.

At a lecture given recently by the Permanent Commissioner of Crown Lands, he stated that they were demolishing some slums on Crown lands east of Regent's Park. "Health and hygiene," said he, "arere placing the rats and mice which infested the houses that Nash built." As it seems unlikely that Nash built these houses for rats and mice, the supposition must be that the property has been allowed by the landlords to deteriorate until the rats and mice have become tenants.

An article recently appeared in *The Architects' Journal* which was written by a "slum dweller." In this he stated that at one time he, his three brothers, two sisters, and mother and father, eight of them altogether, lived in two rooms of 12 ft. by 8 ft. The four brothers slept in one room, and the parents and two sisters slept in the other. Similar overcrowding existed in all the houses in the street. Under such circumstances, spread over any period of time, any district automatically becomes an appalling slum.

The remedy for slums is not the rehousing of the whole population of that area in a different district. The poorer class of labourer cannot afford to and will not live in a nice house at a higher rent a good long way away from his work. The idea of a better house and purer air is excellent, but it is not always practicable. That the slums should be cleared up is obvious, but it is not always necessary to destroy them.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has naturally studied the question of the preservation and reconditioning of slum areas which consist of picturesque old houses. It has drawn up very interesting and instructive reports on the old towns, now slum areas, of Plymouth, Hastings, and Norwich. The old quarter of Plymouth consists of Elizabethan houses which it was proposed to demolish, as they had become "slum" houses; the old town

(Continued on a later page)

INSECT CHALLENGE TO MAN

Centenary Celebrations of the Royal Entomological Society

LIVING SPECIMENS OF THE DESERT LOCUST AND THE TROPICAL MIGRATORY LOCUST shown by the Imperial Institute of Entomology which has been subjecting the insects to poison-gas tests as a possible means of wholesale destruction

DEATH-DEALING GERMS: Larvæ and pupæ of the Culex Fatigaus, a fever carrying germ, exhibited in the Meeting-room of the Entomological Society

A LIGHT TRAP FOR CATCHING INSECTS: An exhibit by Dr. C. B. Williams of the Rothamstead Experimental Station

MODEL OF A SOUTH AMERICAN BUTTERFLY: The scent organs demonstrated

THE SOUTH AFRICAN BEETLE: The germs spread by this insect are fatal

This year the Entomological Society celebrates its centenary, and to mark the occasion and as a tribute to its wonderful work in dealing with insect pests, the King has conferred upon the society the title of "Royal." More than 250 delegates representing twenty-two nations assembled in London for the three day celebrations, and many tributes were paid to the Society's successful efforts in checking the depredations of insects. The importance of the Society's work, although not generally recognized by the public, is emphasized by its large foreign membership, the need for entomological research, particularly in tropical and semi-tropical climates, being regarded abroad as essential to future agricultural prosperity. In proof of the value of this work several outstanding successes of recent years may be cited—first the reclamation of 3,000,000 acres of land in Queensland from the prickly pear, and secondly the rescue of the Fijian cocoanut industry from the ravages of a small purple moth which was doing incalculable damage to the crops. In both cases success was achieved by the employment of a parasitic insect. Another piece of excellent work was achieved in New Zealand where 750,000 red and brown cinnabar moths were sent to strip the ragwort plants which were rendering large tracts of land useless, while 400,000 acres in Australia menaced by St. John's wort, which produces a nervous disease in sheep and cattle, were cleaned up by the introduction into the area of a special kind of beetle which quickly devoured the plants. To describe the many successes of entomological research workers would occupy many volumes, but these few instances indicate the immense importance of their efforts and the successful war which they are waging against what Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell describes as the one branch of animal life capable of disputing the heritage of the earth with mankind. The illustrations shown on this page show some of the exhibits which have been displayed by the Society during the period of their centenary celebrations.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON OPENS: Adele Kern, left, as Sophie von Faninal, and Eva Hadrabova as Oktavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*, the Strauss opera which opened the Covent Garden Season last week. Madame Hadrabova is a newcomer to Covent Garden, but she has achieved a considerable Continental repulation in the playing of this part. Sir Thomas Beecham, who led the "Royal Opera Orchestra," received a tremendous ovation on the opening night

PLAYS of TO

"High Temperature" Justifies Itself
"Crazy Month" at the Palladium
The Importance of Covent Garden
in the Sheridan r

To complain that a farce is nonsense, when no farce has ever claimed to be anything else, is surely a waste of time. During the present spate of imbecile farces I have been constantly hearing the remark, "Of course, it's utter nonsense, but—." And then there occurs some sort of half-abashed apology for having laughed at it.

There is no need to apologise for laughing at farces. There is no need to analyse them either, which will save me some trouble in the case of *High Temperature*, a republished effort of the late Avery Hopwood, which has just been produced at the Phœnix Theatre. It makes a lot of people laugh, and therefore fully justifies itself.

To recount the complicated adventures of a man who had a motor smash and was placed in a bed, tried to escape from it, wandered about in female attire, and met a drunken doctor would be tedious even if it were possible. The point is that Mr. Clifford Mollison, with hardly an amusing line provided, was a very comic figure of distress, and that Mr. Laddie Cliff was extremely good as the drunken doctor, playing that part for all it was worth, which is not much.

As a sort of back-handed compliment to the opening of the London Season, May Day Labour jamborees, and Burlington House, the Palladium management has just launched another *Crazy Month*. It was this theatre which was the first to attempt such a form of entertainment. Some of the inevitable imitators achieved only a suggestion of what might occur were Crazy Days to be substituted for Ember Days in Westminster Abbey. The original remains the best.

Some few weeks ago I had occasion to defend the Palladium from some sensational and, in my opinion, baseless charges of impropriety. Whatever the reason for them then, no one could say now that craziness is not next to cleanliness or even godliness. Since the essence of the policy is to indulge in impromptu pranks, the show must necessarily vary in spirit and in detail. On the night I attended it was "good, clean fun"—literally and without the suggestion of dullness, which that phrase carries to the sophisticated.

Really there is precious little difference between a crazy farce and a crazy music-hall programme, except in the size of the theatres in which they are produced. The Phœnix and the Palladium might easily exchange labels, the latter calling its present farce *High Temperature* and the former *Crazy Month* (provided there is a reasonable prospect of a month's run).

Nervo and Knox, Naughton (on this occasion he had gone off the Gold standard), Flanagan (a true droll), and Eddie Gray (who is a diverting mixture of Mr. Hare and Harry Tate's "Ken"), make a carnival of foolery out of situations arising out of a fire drill, an interview with a dentist, and other catastrophes that befall humanity. William and Joe Mandel prove, as acrobats, that one can make other people laugh by risking one's neck. Billy Caryll and Hilda Mundy more than pull their weight, and Wilson and Keppel are dancing grotesques.

There is plenty of life in variety if it is properly presented and moves with the times.

ON THE QUAY: The naughty girls, the drunken sailors, and the bashful maidens, who provide all the ingredients of an excellent ballet scene in André Charlot's revue, *How D'You Do*, at the Comedy. Frances Day and Douglas Byng take the lead in the lighter rôles

DODO WATTS, who plays opposite Laddie Cliff in *High Temperature*, the new and appropriately named farce at the Phœnix Theatre by Avery Hopwood and Wilson Collison

If Covent Garden dies, shall opera live? I think opera, exotic flower though it may be, will always live. But if the historic and beautiful theatre which is its chief home in London is within a few months delivered over to the housebreaker, and the present season is its last, opera in this country will suffer a blow from which it will take a long time to recover.

Apart from sentimentality, tradition, æsthetic considerations, and even social considerations, this is one of the very few theatres in the world that is acoustically perfect. And at which of London's other large theatres (which are less perfect acoustically) could opera be housed? Drury Lane has its own and successful policy of music-drama of another and a lighter type. So has His Majesty's, which is too small for grand opera. The Stoll Palace in Kingsway and the other Stoll palace, the Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane, are devoted to the pictures. The Hippodrome is not likely to depart from revue. The Lyceum is large and has its virtues, but not, surely, its operatic virtues.

To build an opera house in these times would be out of the question, even if a site could be secured.

Opera, of the standard known in London for generations, would disappear with Covent Garden.

The present season in Bow Street has opened brilliantly. (That the gallery is sold out at every performance is significant). Yet that vast auditorium would not have been filled had not the finest artists in the world been secured for the Wagnerian *Ring* and for Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*.

DAY : By PHILIP PAGE

as an Enjoyable Farce : Another The Opening of the Opera Season : Lady Tree excels as Mrs. Malaprop vival at the Embassy

Der Rosenkavalier made the opening night a brilliant one. One missed the veteran Herr Richard Mayr as Baron Ochs; his successor, Herr Kipnis, is a better singer but has not the same gift for comedy and is not so absurdly pompous. Ochs has to be lecherous, but with an air. The new Oktavian, Mme. Hadrabova, has a lovely voice and is a good actress. Herr Eduard Habich as Faninal made a welcome return.

The Ring began in inevitable gloom. The singing in *Das Rheingold* was good and so was the orchestral playing with the exception of some unruly horn passages. But one can have too much of a good thing when it is given for two-and-a-half hours without an interval. I have heard this opera in other countries with an interval and with none of its effect lost.

The Rhine Maidens were too obviously young women being swung about on wires, which glistened in the limelight. To twist some wool tightly round them (the wires, not the Rhine Maidens), would be cheap and easy and would add immensely to the illusion.

Dr. Robert Heger, too often regarded merely as an "Honest Dobbin" among conductors, covered himself with glory in a performance of *Die Walküre* which can hardly have been rivalled anywhere.

Sheridan's *The Rivals* is not the best of his plays —a fact which seems to have been recognized, for revivals of late years have been rare. It was pleasant, however, to see Lady Tree's Mrs. Malaprop at the Embassy Theatre. Classical comedy has about it a tradition which is rapidly becoming forgotten, since there are so few to hand on the torch. Lady Tree has a part such as this at her finger-tips; she extracts all possible fun out of it without over-playing (a trick which was not wholly absent from the production as a whole).

I found this excellent entertainment, none the less, and Mr. Baliol Holloway's Sir Anthony another item to the credit of this versatile actor.

MARY ELLIS : The talented young American actress who is to play the lead in the new Cochran production, *Music in the Air*, due at His Majesty's Theatre

It is not the province of the stage to teach history or to furnish the jam for educational powder. Yet the present tendency to put historical episodes into dramatic form in which people talk to each other in every-day fashion has much to recommend it. One is enabled to concentrate on a "period" play as such, without being bedazzled by the beauty of the language, as Shakespeare bedazzles us, or irritated by the pompous fustian which even eminent dramatists are apt to adopt the moment they are writing of eras other than their own.

The job has, of course, to be done well. To strike the medium between the normal conversation of men and women (who, after all, spoke in that way in every age), and that which on the stage might sound merely banal is not easy. Bernard Shaw did it well in *Saint Joan*. Gordon Daviot did it well in *Richard of Bordeaux*.

And Messrs. Campbell Dixon and Dermot Morrah have done it well in *Cæsar's Friend*, which has rescued the handsome Piccadilly Theatre from an oddly varied career.

AN INCURSION INTO HISTORY FROM THE CHARLOT REVUE? There are several delightful sketches in this new production at the Comedy, but for rollicking entertainment the reconstruction of Imperial Rome in the days of Nero, as it might have been and certainly was not, provides the best fun. Frances Day, on left, plays the part of the Empress Poppæa, and Edward Chapman that of the Emperor with a very clever make-up, including a Roman nose

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of these two authors is not that they have written a good play, but that they have dealt easily and sometimes even wittily with the story of Christ's betrayal, of Judas Iscariot, and the contest between Pontius Pilate and Caiaphas, without a shade of irreverence.

Roman soldiers stationed, in A.D. 33, at Jerusalem, talk (here, of course, Shaw led the way) of a "lousy native" or of the amorous possibilities of the local ladies, or of going home on leave, and the rest of it, just as the British Tommy talks in A.D. 1933 stationed in Egypt or India. High dignitaries say "Have a drink?" or "Lunch with me to-morrow."

I have never heard the Archbishop of Canterbury discussing with Lord Trenchard the advisability of arresting a religious fanatic because of his revolutionary tendencies. But should such an improbable discussion occur, it would certainly be conducted on the lines Messrs. Dixon and Morrah have adopted in their opening scene in the house of Caiaphas.

Cæsar's Friend is thus an earthly story with a heavenly background. A comedy, too, despite the most significant drama of all time as its basis.

The only departure from the New Testament narrative is in the character of Judas, who is explained as an ardent patriot determined to betray the Master in order to force Him to work a sensational miracle which shall result in the downfall of Rome. I found it difficult to swallow this, and Mr. Robert Speaight, bravely though he struggled with a most complex part, did not help me.

But there is not a moment of boredom in this play, and many moments of beauty and, *mirabile dictu*, of fun. Mr. Clarke Smith, Miss Gillian Lind, Mr. Alexander Sarner, and Miss O'Farrell kept the acting at a consistently high level.

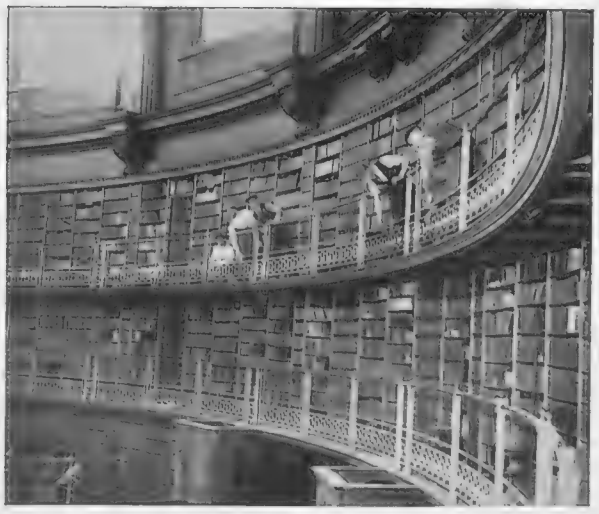
A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR AND HIS THREE DISTINGUISHED BROTHERS : Boris Karloff, who is now on a visit to London from Hollywood, seen with his three brothers, Sir John Pratt, Mr. Justice Pratt, and Mr. Frederick G. Pratt, C.S.I.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

SPRING CLEANING AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: For fifty-one weeks of the year the museum is the haunt of students, authors, and research workers, and the usual band of regulars. But at the beginning of May is Spring-cleaning time, and for six days the museum is cleared of its readers, and all these people must perforce possess their souls in patience away from the volumes which provide them with their daily tasks

MRS. NAOMI MITCHISON, author of *The Delicate Fire*, which has just been published by Jonathan Cape



THE HALL OF PERPETUAL SILENCE: Cleaning the balustrades in the famous British Museum Reading Room where the annual Spring overhaul has just been concluded. The millions of books contained in the library, and the extension buildings where the surplus is housed, are not allowed to lie forgotten and untended, for there is no telling when there may not be a demand for a volume, however obscure

There is an American writer, a doctor, who has found a wide public for his books which deal with the medical history of famous men and women. He is a kind of pathological historian who puts the stethoscope to the heart of his subjects. He makes literary blood tests that reveal the most astonishing things overlooked by the mere biographer. When I was editing a famous surgeon's life, and reading his private diaries, I realized how right it is that professional etiquette prevents medical men from writing frank autobiographies. They could blow the roof off many staid establishments. It has long been argued whether men of genius are the result of mental aberrations, and whether a perfectly sound man, in body and mind, has ever been of outstanding ability. It is a terrifying thought, for if this theory is correct it places the world at the mercy of invalids and partial lunatics. There is little comfort to be gained from a reading of Mr. James Kemble's very interesting book, *Idols and Invalids* (Methuen. 6s.), in which he examines the medical life of some fifteen men and women noted either for their beauty, infamy, eccentricity or genius. Mr. Kemble will not agree that the world can divide its great men into good or bad. He would rather say that their deeds were impelled by some circumstances of health or environment over which they had no control. To say that Byron died of fever at Missolonghi is to scamp the story. "The fever was merely the final blow, which broke down the already crumbling ruins of his constitution. Of these ruins the kidneys were the first to collapse, so that uremia resulted. The true cause of Byron's death was physical bankruptcy which his system then suffered, as the consequence of his spending the later years of his life with indiscretion and prodigality. Worry and women and wine had left their effects on his constitution. He was prematurely old."

Mr. Kemble, contemplating some of the ladies of the French Court, observes that a gay life need not necessarily mean a short one, but that gaiety has two varieties, the innocent and the vicious. The latter form is so frequently chosen, owing to the fact that whereas virtue has its rewards, they are usually future rewards; the pleasures vice offers are immediate, and this is too much for many folk. On the subject of Cleopatra, Mr. Kemble has some surprising things to tell us. She had excellent health, great beauty, a sharp intellect, and bore children with facility and celerity. "Few women throughout the ages stand in the same category as regards intellectual talents. Yet she was the ultimate product of centuries of the most intensive inbreeding." Moreover, she was not Egyptian. She was pure Macedonian Greek. Her great-great-grandparents were brother and sister, their child married her own uncle, that is, the brother of both her parents."

The history of England, and of the world, might have been changed had not a brother officer prevented the young Nelson from deserting his ship at Quebec, to philander with an American lady. Despite the fact that, from boyhood on, he was a physical wreck, his courage and his amorous nature were with him to the end. Before he was struck down at Trafalgar he had lost an eye, an arm, suffered from malaria, angina pectoris, hernia, typhoid, and had been scalped. He was losing the sight of his remaining eye, and had he lived must have soon been blind. He had been tortured by sepsis in the stump of his arm, he suffered from frequent fits of gout. Add to all this the complications of a difficult love affair, the theory that Nelson deliberately courted death by exposing himself unnecessarily at Trafalgar becomes plausible. Against this suggestion I have always advanced the opinion that a man of Nelson's intense patriotism would not allow himself to be incapacitated and thereby deprive the fleet of its commander in the most critical hour. The medical life of Nelson, as revealed by Mr. Kemble, makes the heroism of the frail little sailor still more outstanding. Mr. Kemble has produced a book of unusual interest. He is an alert historian, has a sense of humour, a quick eye for inference, and a gift for diagnosis. Biographers with a doctor in attendance like Mr. Kemble, would produce very different lives of their subjects.

Almost before the funeral procession has left the house Mr. H. A. Taylor produces his lightning biographies of our great men. Work done with such speed can reveal neither profundity nor accuracy, but as journalism, Mr. Taylor's Lives have the quality of brightness and topicality. He has now produced a book, *Jix* (Stanley Paul. 21s.); which is the Life of Viscount Brentford. Joynson-Hicks suffered all his life from the reputation of being a pusher. A pusher he was, but with none of the usual disagreeable qualities that go with that description. He earned every bit of his success by terrific work, by an undaunted spirit, and by a bright quickness that everywhere made friends. From an obscure solicitor he rose to be Home Secretary, but this story of his rise reveals the heartbreaking disappointments of politics. He was not, as so many had imagined, a lucky man. Nothing came easily to him. He fought election after election before he got into the House. Once there he earned himself "a bad Press" by his effrontery, and had to labour for many years to live down that unfortunate first impression. He was passed over many times, and twice insulted with minor posts. He hid his wounds, and reward came at last. After being shifted from post to post he became Home Secretary. No one ever filled his post with more liveliness or kept the public guessing harder. He was a Puritan to a point of fanaticism. He would not condone genius because it was akin to madness. He did not mind being called a Philistine. He lived by an old-fashioned, honest code. He was never overcome by sentiment, not even Galsworthy's. After seeing *Escape*, he wrote: "on the stage it is almost the rule to make the criminal likeable, and the agents of the law unattractive, though possibly worthy people. Off the stage the converse is truer, and a Home Secretary, who has to spend most of his time on the unromantic study of facts, finds the sporting qualities of gallantry, fairness, and devotion to duty more frequently among police and prison officers than amongst prisoners." Jix was a man who enjoyed being himself. This book might be called the Life of a Happy Warrior.

BOOKS TO READ

BRAMWELL BOOTH, by Catherine Bramwell Booth (Rich and Cowan. 10s.)

THE AMAZING AMAZON, by Captain McDermott (Lincoln Williams. 15s.).

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AIRMAN, by Lieut.-Colonel Strange (Hamilton. 10s. 6d.).

WHERE EAST IS WEST, by Henrietta Leslie (Jarrolds. 21s.).

HIDDEN AFRICA, by Commander Attilio Gatti. (Hutchinson. 18s.).

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STUDIES, 1933 (Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.).

HEYDAYS, by C. P. Hawkes (Methuen. 12s. 6d.).

SPORT AND EXPLORATION IN THE FAR EAST, by Sten Bergman (Methuen. 10s. 6d.).

DOVER - OSTEND, by Taffrail (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

If Mrs. Naomi Mitchison liked to claim that she was a reincarnated Hellene of the great days, she would have little trouble in producing evidence. All her stories of the reconstructed life of the Greek States have the vivid quality of direct transcription. When she is a Spartan, describing events in that State, or when she is a Roman centurion marching through Britain, or when she is a slave, ravished by Antigonos, whatever she is, or wherever she is for the time being, there is always the feeling that she is describing the things that have happened to her, not from the imagination, but as a direct visual transcription of events. It is this characteristic of her work which gives it such direct, simple power. Here are some fifteen stories, *The Delicate Fire* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), describing the world of Sappho, the assault on Mantinea by King Antinonos in the Third Century, life in Rome, the coming of the Vikings up the Thames. Each one is clear cut, so crystal in quality that it annihilates time. No historian has ever given us so vivid a picture of the meaning of defeat to a beseiged town. Aglaos, in the taken town of Mantinea, is spending the last few minutes with his wife, before they are both carried away into slavery. We have not only the poignancy of this scene, but the philosophy behind the suffering is also presented. "I remember saying to my wife that I wished she were an ordinary woman to whom these things that must come to her would mean less pain, and she said no, it was better to have great pain but keep one's mind bright, and she said that, though there was half the world between us, she and I would often be thinking of the same kind of ideas at the same time . . . we all talked, breathlessly, trying to say everything for a lifetime in those few minutes." It is part of Mrs. Mitchison's methods, in order to make the story vivid, to use colloquial speech. She is justified in this, but I do wish she would not fall into the abominable current vulgarism of using "shy-making." This affectation of illiteracy among the nitwits of the West End should not corrupt so fine an artist.

All who recall Mr. James Hilton's excellent novel, *And Now Goodbye*, will turn with interest to *Knight Without Armour* (Benn. 7s. 6d.). Here is a very different story, with an entirely changed background. I have the greatest respect for writers who are always pushing forward into new territory, and are not content with repeating the story with which they originally succeeded. Mr. Hilton's enterprise is of the nature one would expect from a writer of such sterling qualities. In this new book he transports us to the Russian scene, and gives us a story packed with circumstantial evidence and impressive detail. It is the story of a journalist, A. J., who originally goes out to Russia and Mukden as a correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War. His despatches are too humane, and he is dismissed. Liking Russia he remains there, learns the language, and is appalled by the oppression of the people. Eventually he enters into the British Secret Service, is arrested by the Russian Government, and exiled to distant Siberia. He remains there, lost to the world, until the Revolution, when he is permitted to return to Bolshevik Russia. On the journey home he kills a Commissar in a train, and impersonates him. There follow tremendous scenes in which he is involved between the Red and White Guards, and he takes under his protection a Russian countess with whom he is in love.

The description of the massacres and bloodthirsty fighting between the revolutionaries reveals Mr. Hilton at his best. The outline of this story sounds lurid, but it is no Russian spy tale of the usual order. I do not know whether this whole book is a piece of biography; it certainly seems to belong to that category rather than to fiction; such is the verisimilitude of every incident, and the grim power with which this Odyssey of suffering, bloodshed, and oppression is narrated. Mr. Hilton is relentless to the end. A. J.'s countess dies of typhus, he procures his release with the aid of the American Relief Mission, becomes a rubber planter, and dies peacefully in Ireland. It is a strange, unusual story, powerfully told, and confirms one's high opinion of Mr. Hilton's ability.

ART in PARIS

Some Pictures of the Year

Right—"Le Rat," M. Philippe Ledoux's painting of a ballet girl which figures prominently in the 1933 Salon at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées. M. Ledoux, who was a pupil of E. Renard, was born in Sheffield and now lives in London. This year's Salon is the 146th exhibition

Left—"Miss Hermione Beauclerk," from the painting by M. Alfred Jonniaux, a distinguished Belgian portrait painter now working in Paris. Miss Beauclerk, who was one of the bridesmaids at her sister's wedding at Brompton Oratory recently, is to be presented at one of this Season's Courts

Above—"Mrs. Claude Chauvin de Précourt," from a painting by M. Alfred Jonniaux. Before her marriage, which took place at Brompton Oratory on April 19, she was Miss Daphne de Vere Beauclerk. She is the elder daughter of the late Major Aubrey Nelthorpe Beauclerk

PAINTINGS FROM THE 1933 SALON

Left—"Vocation Précoce," a delightful child study by Madame Jane Chauleur-Ozeel at this year's Paris Salon

Right—"La Convalescence," by Madame Madeleine Weill-Lestienne, a pupil of M. Pierre Laurens

JERUSALEM TO BAGHDAD

Along the Scenic Air Route

A GIANT IMPERIAL AIRWAYS PASSENGER 'PLANE ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE: The air liner *Hanno*, on a return trip from India and Baghdad, seen as her wheels touched the ground at Semakh on the southern shore of the famous lake

EN ROUTE FOR BAGHDAD: Rutba Wells, where passenger and mail 'planes on the Jerusalem and Baghdad route make a short stop to be overhauled and to allow of passengers taking refreshments before proceeding. Its isolated position makes it one of the most lonely air stations in the world

THE JORDAN VALLEY: An aerial view of the winding valley with the Dead Sea in the farthest distance

CAPITAL OF TRANSJORDANIA: The historic town of Amman with its Roman amphitheatre seen from above

PALM GROVES NEAR THE TIGRIS: The famous Mesopotamian river seen near Baghdad, where for miles the banks are lined with palm groves on each side

THE SPACIOUS CENTRAL HALL of the new Baghdad Airport, the terminus of Iraq's rapidly developing air lines. The port was planned by Mr. H. C. Mason, F.R.I.B.A., a British architect employed by the Public Works Department of the Iraq Government

THE CROYDON OF IRAQ: The new airport at Baghdad, which was opened on April 5 by King Feisal, has been built on a lavish scale and everything possible is being done to encourage aerial travel. It is said to be the best equipped aerodrome in the Near East, and is one of the most important air links between Europe and Asia

Of the many air routes which have been opened up in the East one of the most interesting from a scenic point of view is that from Jerusalem to Baghdad. In the clear Eastern atmosphere visibility can be relied upon and it is possible to see a considerable distance, towns and hamlets twenty miles and more away standing out boldly in the bright sunlight. Along the route may be seen many places of Biblical and historic interest, quaint cities, ancient ruins, rivers, lakes, and desert until the Tigris is sighted and Baghdad comes into view.

It was the writer's privilege recently to make the journey in one of the machines of the Imperial Airways when the accompanying illustrations were taken. After encircling the Holy City, the 'plane followed the Jericho Road winding like a ribbon through the Wilderness of Judea down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. As I had expressed a wish to take some photographs, our pilot flew fairly low enabling us to pick out quite plainly places of interest on this historic road—the little village of Bethany, the Apostles' Fountain, and the Good Samaritan's Inn. But in the ordinary way all these spots can be detected. Seen from the air the whole region has an awe-inspiring appearance.

Then followed that strange depression, the Jordan valley, nothing less than a great rift in the earth's surface. The town of modern Jericho lay below its tiny flat-roofed dwellings of white stone glimmering in the sunlight. With its cultivated gardens it presented a delightful oasis surrounded by arid desert and bleak mountains.

Although the pilot had been requested to fly slowly in order that as many pictures as possible could be recorded, hardly had the camera clicked before another equally important scene came into view. It was but a quarter of an hour ago that we left the Holy City, and here we were flying over the Land of Moab, nearing Amman, the present capital of Transjordania.

The course now lay directly north-east over mountainous desert country. Here the 'plane appeared to be flying over a sea of rolling sand dunes, with nothing to break the monotony. Presently I heard the pilot shout Rutba as he pointed away to the north. The nose of the craft was turned downward and the engine roared. We were rapidly descending towards a big white building and what is surely one of the most lonely air stations in the world. All the machines on the Baghdad routes, carrying both passengers and mail, stop here for refreshment and a short rest.

Our stay was a short one, just over half-an-hour, during which time a couple of mechanics had overhauled the 'plane and declared everything O.K. For the next hour the route followed desert country, and it was a relief to strike the Tigris and note the patches of cultivation along its banks. As the 'plane neared Baghdad, our destination, we followed the river for some distance. Flying fairly low, fascinating glimpses could be obtained of miles of palm groves which lined the banks on either side. The great river was unusually low, fairly narrow in some places and in others spreading out over a wide area according to the nature of its banks. We saw little life upon the stream until Baghdad was reached, when all kinds of craft and its famous "bridge of boats" came into view. From the air Baghdad presented a striking picture, a maze of "doll" houses and miniature palms relieved by the gilded domes and minarets of its famous mosques. The journey from Jerusalem is certainly one of outstanding interest.

G. E. M.

All enquiries with regard to travel, either near at home or far afield, should be addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand

ENGAGEMENTS

Social and Otherwise

LADY PATRICIA MOORE, only daughter of the Earl and Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, with her fiancé, Sir Paul Latham, M.P. Their engagement was announced recently

A CHAMPION COMES OF AGE: Fröken Sonja Henie, the ice-skating champion of the world, who has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday

A ROYAL DEMOCRAT: Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of the German ex-Crown Prince, and Fräulein von Salviati, whose engagement has been announced from Bonn

LONDON'S YOUNGEST MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Mr. Louis Simmons, who, although only twenty-six, leads the band at the Embassy Club, Old Bond Street

BETTY FRANKISS leading the chorus in "Flaming Youth," the colourful and lively cabaret at Romano's Restaurant. Miss Frankiss first attracted attention in *Wonder Bar*, a success of a few seasons ago at the Savoy

CARL BRISSON, as the Prince of Arcadia, and Margot Grahame, who appear together in a new British film now in production at the Walton-on-Thames Studios

SIR JOHN REITH, the distinguished B.B.C. chief, receiving the seal of office from Mr. G. Wareham Smith on being installed President of the Aldwych Club

HERR ALFRED ROSENBERG, who has been staying in London to explain to Britain the aims of the new German Government

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD seen in the poultry and provision store which he has opened in Berkeley Square

AN ACTOR IN THE PIT! Sir Henry Lytton, the famous Savoyard, at the Hulton Colliery, near Liverpool, where he made his first descent of a coal mine

IN THE MODERN MANNER

Silver and Pottery of Classically Simple Design

The bold use of colour and economy of all extraneous decoration distinguishes the pottery that is being made to-day. The effect is at once stimulating and restful, for the eye reacts gratefully to the absence of wearisome convolutions and meaningless detail. Important pieces of a modern breakfast set are seen above. Designed by Clarice Cliffe, it is called "Secrets Fantasque" and is made by the Newport Pottery Company. A handpainted rural scene in soft greens, yellows, and blues, like a summer day, looks charmingly fresh and gay on a honey-coloured glazed ground. One of its greatest advantages is that any piece can be replaced separately. Furthermore, it is very reasonably priced and can be obtained practically everywhere. In the photograph are shown two jugs for coffee and hot milk, a sugar basin, a plate, and a cup and saucer. Actually, the set is a very comprehensive one, including footless egg cups, grape-fruit holders, a teapot and cream jug, and other incidentals that are needed on the well-equipped breakfast table. Colour plays a tremendously important part in our lives, though the recognition of this fact is comparatively recent. The day is started well when pottery of this type is chosen, for it would cheer a grey day and fittingly greet a bright one

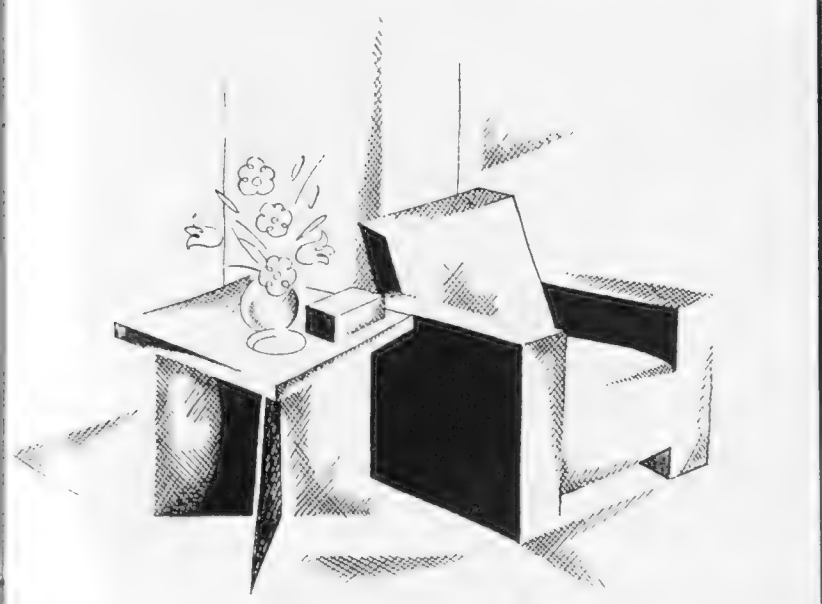
Silvered walls and a gleaming ceiling reflect the wall lights and create a warm, live glow in this dining-room which perfectly combines the newest ideas in interior decoration with the successful use of period furniture. The harmonious whole is sufficient justification for the experiment, which should inspire many whose modern tendencies have been curbed by the possession of houses and furniture that belong to an era that is passed

Nothing mars the graceful proportions of this modern silver tea service from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Comprising a teapot, a coffee or water jug, a cream jug, and a sugar basin, it has cut panel corners with restrained step decoration introduced round the rims. The handles emphasize the slender, tapering lines and create a beautifully-balanced effect which will remain ageless because of its essential purity of design

THE CHARM OF THE SEVERELY RECTILINEAR . . .

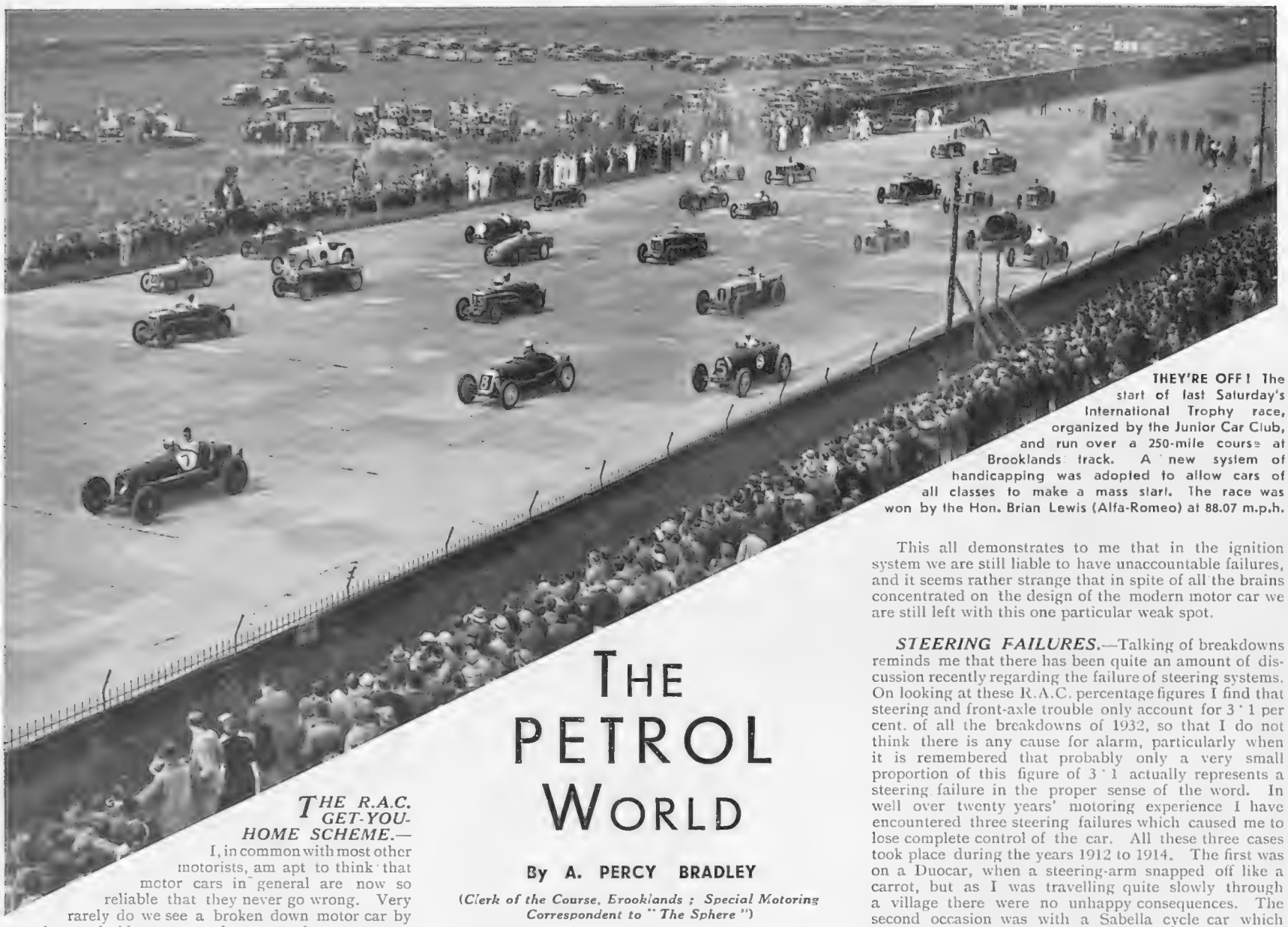
Djo-Bourgeois is probably Paris' favourite architect—*ensemblier*. A list of his clients reads like a report from the *Figaro* of the doings of *Tout Paris*, or a Parisian *Who's Who*. While he is by no means an extremist or, if you prefer the term, purist—as, for instance, Le Corbusier, or Le Corbusier's pupil, Charlotte Perriand—his work, nevertheless, illustrates most of the outstanding tendencies of contemporary interior decoration.

Djo-Bourgeois now very rarely uses the plain plaster or painted backgrounds of his early style, inclining rather to a warmer setting such as the light wood panelling of the type shown in our top picture. Another wall covering, first launched by him and which enjoys considerable popularity in Paris to-day, is achieved by super-imposing small squares of glass over silver or gold paper, marbled paper, or even a plain painted ground. The texture of such a wall surface is entirely in keeping with the spirit of a modern room, the glass also may be washed, and thus meets the anti-dust requirements of the *avant-garde*.



Our top picture illustrates an agreeable combined bed-and-living-room in the modern manner. The charm of the plain mantelpiece lies in the significance of its architectural proportions. Such mantels are an outstanding characteristic of contemporary rooms. Indeed the first step in any modernizing scheme is invariably concerned with the fireplace. The lighting fixtures and simple method of framing the mirror, shown here, are also characteristic. The appeal of the modern room depends on the faithful execution of such details. It should be noted how well the head on the mantelpiece—or, in fact, on any one well-chosen ornament—stands out against the comparative austerity of such a background.

Built-in cupboards are practical, and in this instance so designed as to become absorbed into the general panelling of the room. The long, narrow dressing-table—an excellent shape, significant of that tapered elegance which we associate with the contemporary feminine silhouette—may, of course, be cleared and used for other purposes. The dressing-table mirror folds and becomes an unobtrusive panel. The centre picture illustrates a favourite contemporary device: the combination of dining- and living-room. The desk in the bottom picture is designed to combine a maximum of surface with that lightness which ensures the spacious and open effect of all good modern interiors.



THEY'RE OFF! The start of last Saturday's International Trophy race, organized by the Junior Car Club, and run over a 250-mile course at Brooklands track. A new system of handicapping was adopted to allow cars of all classes to make a mass start. The race was won by the Hon. Brian Lewis (Alfa-Romeo) at 88.07 m.p.h.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE R.A.C. GET-YOU-HOME SCHEME.—I, in common with most other motorists, am apt to think that motor cars in general are now so reliable that they never go wrong. Very rarely do we see a broken down motor car by the road side except, of course, when a stoppage has occurred through a punctured tyre or an absence of petrol. A very high degree of reliability has undoubtedly been reached, but in a way I am glad that now and again something does happen, as an unexpected trouble, provided it is not too serious, makes motoring to my way of thinking more interesting.

Every year the R.A.C. issue an analysis of the causes of breakdowns in the cars with which they deal in connection with their free "Get-you-home" scheme. Regularly every year the percentage of breakdowns due to ignition trouble is far higher than that of any other cause, and during the last four years this percentage of just over 20 has scarcely varied, showing unmistakably that the ignition system has not become any more reliable during that time. These figures are fairly representative because they are based on thousands of cases. Actually during 1932 the R.A.C. dealt with 12,557 breakdowns, covering every type of car. The R.A.C. engineers are of the opinion that most of the ignition trouble is due to neglect and not so much on account of the weakness of this particular part. I am not certain that I agree with this considered opinion, though I must say that the percentage figure of breakdown due to this part has remained almost constant although coil ignition has almost completely displaced the magneto.

If motorists are at fault by not looking after their ignition systems their fellow road users who favour two wheels rather than four must also be equally careless because I find that the figure amongst the percentages of breakdowns on motor-cycles dealt with by the R.A.C. during 1932 was also far higher than that attributable to any other cause. If we are to be blamed for neglect I think we must pass our blame on to the manufacturers who always tell us not to do anything to the intricate mechanism which forms the chief part of the average ignition system. My own view is that there would be far more trouble if the average motorist were to start tinkering with his magneto or coil, distributor, etc.

A MYSTERIOUS MAGNETO.—Funnily enough I have recently been troubled with an ignition weakness in a four cylinder motor boat engine which I acquired a month or two ago. Nineteen times out of twenty the engine will start up quite pleasantly and quickly on the self-starter, but on the twentieth occasion nothing will induce the magneto to give a spark and this twentieth occasion usually happens after the engine has been run some time. I have tried everything to induce a spark to take place, but time thus spent is completely wasted. Nothing can be done but to sit down and wait, perhaps half-an-hour, and make another attempt. More often than not everything will work finely and there will be no more trouble until the twentieth time comes round again. There is no doubt that the magneto is at fault and, of course, when I send experts down to test it, it behaves itself like any self-respecting magneto should do.

By a strange coincidence this mysterious disease suddenly assailed my car the other morning. When I went out before breakfast to start it up, for the first time in its life of close on 16,000 miles nothing whatever happened. Having seen that petrol was being supplied in the normal manner I then took off one of the high tension leads and found that there was no spark to be seen. Naturally, I thought a coil had burnt out so, as the car is blessed with dual ignition, I switched over to the magneto. To my amazement, there was still no spark. By that time the bacon and eggs were well and truly cooked, so I retired and had my breakfast. Afterwards I returned to the car, took off the distributor, which seemed to me to be the only part common to both ignitions, could find nothing the matter, so replaced it. The self-starter button was then depressed and, lo and behold, the engine sprang into life! I have not yet been able to take the car up to the maker's service station, though, as it is now working perfectly, I feel it would be rather a waste of time, except that I have a dim recollection that about a month previously, after turning round a corner, the engine suddenly petered out and on that occasion I could find no reason for the failure, particularly as in a minute or two it started off as if nothing had happened.

This all demonstrates to me that in the ignition system we are still liable to have unaccountable failures, and it seems rather strange that in spite of all the brains concentrated on the design of the modern motor car we are still left with this one particular weak spot.

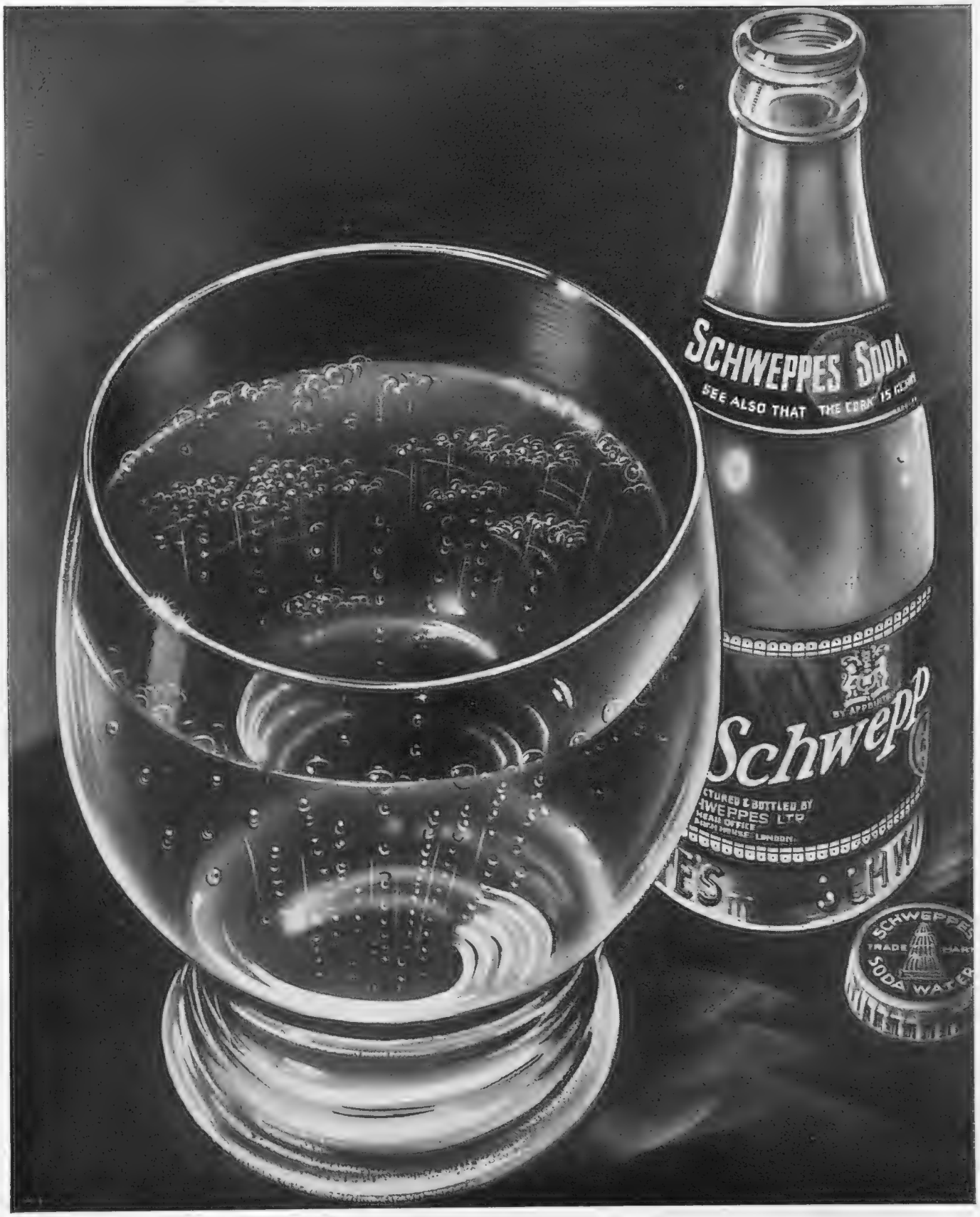
STEERING FAILURES.—Talking of breakdowns reminds me that there has been quite an amount of discussion recently regarding the failure of steering systems. On looking at these R.A.C. percentage figures I find that steering and front-axle trouble only account for 3·1 per cent. of all the breakdowns of 1932, so that I do not think there is any cause for alarm, particularly when it is remembered that probably only a very small proportion of this figure of 3·1 actually represents a steering failure in the proper sense of the word. In well over twenty years' motoring experience I have encountered three steering failures which caused me to lose complete control of the car. All these three cases took place during the years 1912 to 1914. The first was on a Duocar, when a steering-arm snapped off like a carrot, but as I was travelling quite slowly through a village there were no unhappy consequences. The second occasion was with a Sabella cycle car which had wire and bobbin steering. In this instance the results were not too pleasant. The Sabella was so constructed that the passenger sat in front and the driver immediately behind. The front axle was centrally pivoted and the petrol tank was brought to a sharp point about 2 ft. above the front axle and about 6 in. behind it. When the steering gave out I was travelling at about 30 m.p.h., and I well remember that the car went straight for the pavement, where it proceeded to chase an old gentleman who ran like one possessed, but the car eventually overtook him and, the front axle catching the calves of his legs, turned the steering round on full lock, which had the effect of almost pinning the old gentleman against a wall with the point of the petrol tank stuck in the middle of his back. I forget what it cost the insurance company, but I am glad to say that the results, though unpleasant, were due to shock rather than to actual injury.

The third occasion was when a cycle car, the name of which I cannot remember, suddenly took charge of itself when travelling along the tramlines down the main street of Acton. The steering wheel no longer controlled the direction of the car, but fortunately for me the front wheels as well as the back were in the tramlines which had the effect of keeping the car in a straight line until the brakes finally brought the car to a standstill.

(Continued on p. 260)

CORNERING ACCORDING TO CLASS: The novel method of handicapping in the J.C.C. International trophy race is clearly shown above. The faster cars were made to go into channels with acute bends at each corner while the slower cars passed straight through

THE LATEST AND SMALLEST FORD: The 8-h.p. Tudor saloon which, both in action and appearance, compares favourably with many cars double its size and horse power. This model is the latest product of the famous Ford works at Dagenham



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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE £ s. d. OF RACING

(Continued from p. 246)

Of course, coups can go wrong, and horses which are thought to have a stone in hand have been beaten.

One may add to the list of the owner's expenses another 10 per cent. of the stake which the owner, by tradition, gives to the trainer. In addition he will probably give a present to the head lad, and also to the lad who "does" the horse; so that in a small race where the stake is £150 there is not a great deal left.

Here are two pictures of a typical owner's good luck and bad luck. Mr. Jolliffe bought a yearling from the late Felix Leach for 250 guineas at the Doncaster sales. She was by Papyrus. She never saw a racecourse, it being discovered in training that she could not gallop at all. She was sold at Newmarket in the October sales for 25 guineas. To this depreciation must be added the £4 10s. a week for twelve months, as well as forfeits, including one of £50 for the Oaks.

Here is the other picture. Mr. Jolliffe bought a game little mare named Copra for 320 guineas greatly against the advice of the owner. She has since won three races for him, including one at Epsom, and has been placed on various occasions. The owner would hate to say what he has made in bets, but Copra has paid her purchase price in stakes several times over, and was so reliable in running that it was always possible to wager on her with confidence.

Owning horses is evidently a gamble. Look at April the Fifth bred by MacGregor and sold as a yearling for a very modest sum. Before last year's Derby he was worth about £800 on the hoof. Three minutes later he was worth at least £20,000.

It might be interesting here to give a list of the value of the various big races to the owner:—

Last year's Derby, £9,700.
This year's 2,000 Guineas, £9,000—it was £800 more than last year.
Last year's Oaks, £7,200.
The Eclipse Stakes, £11,000.
The Cambridgeshire, £1,800.
The Cesarewitch, £1,700.
The Lincoln, £1,500.
The 1,000 Guineas this year, £8,600.
The St. Leger of last year, £11,000.

The successful jockeys in the Derby have sometimes got as much as £2,000 from grateful owners.

The Derby winner when he retires to stud gets £300 per mare even now. It used to be as much as £400 or more. The horse usually retires to stud at the age of four or five and earns for its owner about £6,000 for the first year or two, mounting up to as much as £12,000 when he is eight years old. He will continue at stud if all goes well until he is eighteen or nineteen. It is true that the Government takes more than 50 per cent in tax from these stud fees, but it remains a wonderful gold mine.

Of course the intelligent owner does not harbour any expectations of becoming a Derby winner even though hope springs astonishingly eternal. All he hopes for is the glory of winning a race; of being able to say to his friends "I told you so"; the thrill of seeing his colours going up to the post; and then if he is lucky of seeing them run prominently in the race. It is noticeable that he receives no compensation when his horse loses, except a decrease in the number of his friends. But that is life, isn't it?

THE AESTHETICS OF SLUMDOM

(Continued from p. 248)

of Hastings, also faced with demolition, was made up of houses of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. In both cases the society sent architects down to inspect, and their opinion was that the houses in the majority of cases could be reconditioned and had an æsthetic and historical value which gave them a claim to special attention; also the cost of reconditioning and clearing away ramshackle outhouses, etc., would be less than the cost of rehousing the population in newly-built houses.

There is in Norwich a part of the town which was the centre of civic life in the Middle Ages, and a number of the old houses remain. In the eighteenth century many of the richer citizens built fine brick houses in this area. The well-to-do people moved elsewhere in the nineteenth century and poor cottages were built all over the yards and gardens. This is one of the processes of slum development, for it means overcrowding and lack of air and space. The city authorities recently contemplated the destruction of the whole area, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Norwich Society set to work to draw up reports showing that reconditioning was a more economic and satisfactory way of dealing with the problem. But the city authorities were not convinced. A member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has, however, bought certain properties in this area which had been officially condemned as unfit for habitation and beyond repair. These buildings he has put in order, the ban of "condemned" has been removed, and they are satisfactorily let for a small profit. This instance shows that picturesque old houses which have become slums can, if treated with knowledge, be reconverted into decent working-class dwellings.

"Tidiness is the soul of æsthetics," and slum clearance need not be a wholesale destruction of all areas which have become slums. In some cases such drastic methods are necessary, in others it is simply a case of tidying up, removing all extraneous outbuildings, reconditioning the existing houses, and providing adequate sanitation. And in future preventing overcrowding and deterioration of property.

M. I. B.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 258)

During the same period I once saw a car ahead of me shoot off the road, jump a ditch, go through a hedge and come to a standstill in a field. Naturally I pulled up as soon as possible and am glad to say I found the occupants, though shaken, quite unhurt. From what the driver told me the cause of its sudden and unpleasant deflection was a failure in the steering. Apart from these four occasions all of which took place during the years mentioned, and three of them on cycle cars which were then only in an experimental stage, I cannot recall having had any personal contact with trouble from this cause. On the rare occasions when I do drive a car which has mudguards that allow me to watch the movements of the front axle, I always marvel that the steering and the front axle are so reliable, particularly as the vital parts when examined never appear to be unnecessarily generous as regards dimensions. The proof of the pudding, however, is in the eating and so I do not consider there is any cause whatever for alarm.

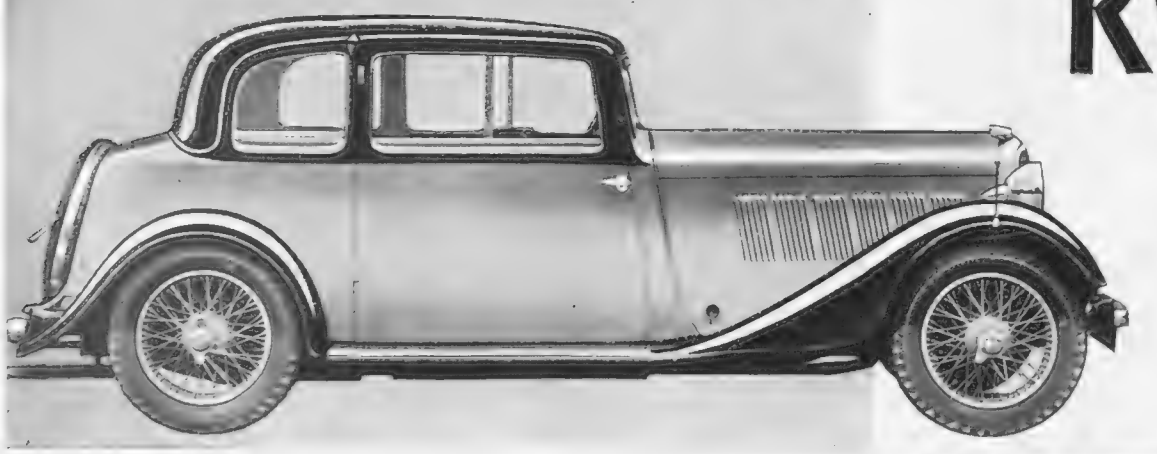
"THE TATLER" CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE FOR AIRCRAFT

We have pleasure in announcing that a valuable Cup will be presented by *The Tatler* to the winner of a Concours d'Élégance for Aircraft to be held at the Civil Air Display promoted by the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire at Brooklands Aerodrome on May 20. Details may be had from the Display Secretary, 61, Cheapside, E.C.2.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The work of the Society is that of training poor boys and girls so that they may become good and useful citizens. The Society has Homes at Twickenham, Bisley, Esher Place, Royston, and Orpington, a Technical School and Working Lads' Hostel in London and the new Training Ship *Arethusa*. One thousand one hundred boys and girls have always to be maintained. Funds are urgently needed to carry on this good work, and donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

ROVER SPEED MODEL (14 H.P.) HASTINGS COUPE £395



ROVER

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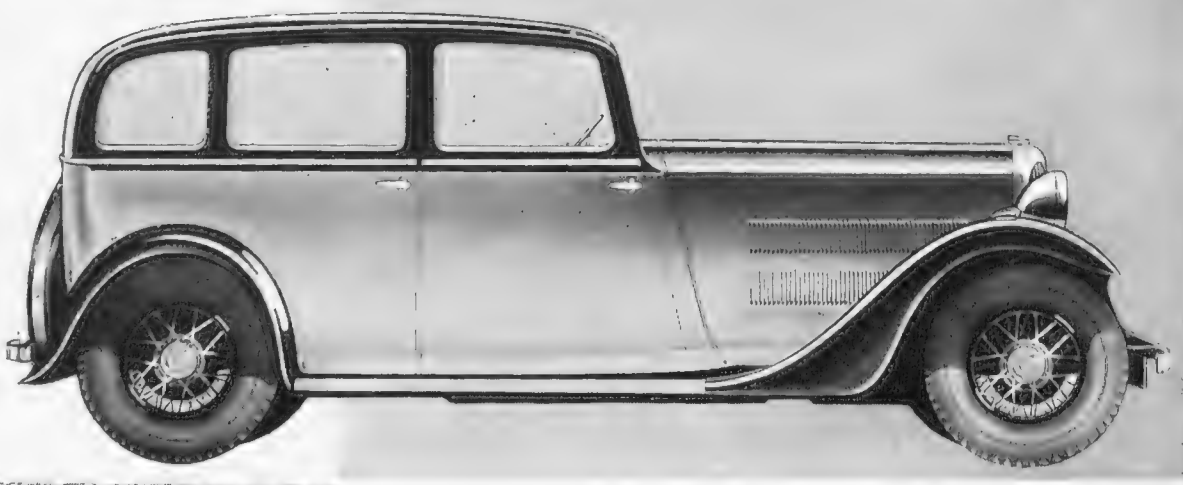

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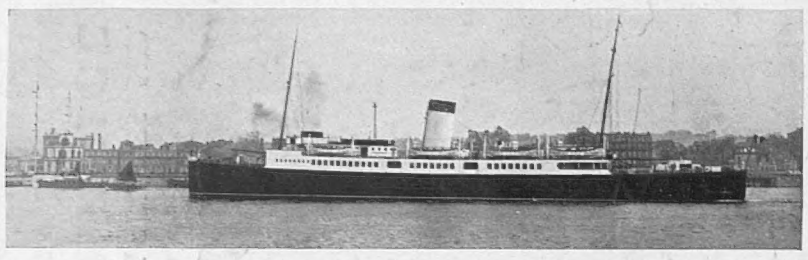
OLD ZÜRICH: The River Limmat in the centre of Zürich, where it flows past the Romanesque Cathedral and the historic churches of Our Lady and St. Peter



THE S.S. "CÔTE D'ARGENT": The new steamer, designed for the Dover-Calais service, which made her inaugural voyage on May 1

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

New and Old Zurich

Old Zürich presents itself to the stranger as a town which, standing on the threshold of a great city, has yet kept the characteristics and charm of the Switzerland of earlier days. Standing on the Quay Bridge and looking northwards, a typical view of the old town lies outstretched. Rising above the roofs of the town are the spires of the ancient city churches, the Guildhall and the City Hall. The Cathedral, easily identified by its twin towers, is a distinctive feature of the town. It is approached through streets which have retained all their picturesque charm. Almost unconsciously one looks for a William Tell to emerge from the doorway of one of the high old houses.

Back in modern Zürich, the traveller is immediately impressed with the number of fine buildings. Most of the great Swiss banking houses have their headquarters here. Is it, one wonders, to tempt the visitor to part with some of his pounds and dollars, that the finest stores are all in such close proximity to the banks? Zürich is the commercial capital of the country and possesses, for these days, an unusual atmosphere of wealth and solidity which speaks well for the industry of the people.

It is superfluous perhaps to describe the beauty of the Swiss country. But we would advise the camera enthusiast to take the electric train to Uetliberg (25 min. from Zürich) and endeavour to capture a few records of the panoramas that meet his eye. The range upon range of snow-capped Alps, their peaks etched with remarkable clearness against the bright blue sky. The deep pastoral valleys, in spring a mass of blossom, where one can find perfect peace, the only sound the occasional tinkle of a cow bell. And finally the placid waters of the lake, which wash the shores of the villages that nestle in practically every little bay.

Tyrol

Tyrol, what a land of exquisite natural beauty and quaint colourful old towns. In summer a region of meadows and streams, wooded hillsides and rugged mountains, the sparkling glaciers on their higher slopes reflecting every colour of the rainbow. In winter covered with a blanket of snow, the ski-ers' Mecca. A holiday in Tyrol is by no means the expensive proposition it sounds. In the first place British subjects do not require a visa for Austria. Secondly, accommodation there is very cheap, the smaller inns quoting en pension (full board) prices from seven Austrian schillings. The hotels are naturally more expensive, prices ranging from ten Austrian schillings and upwards. (The Austrian schilling is approximately thirty-four to the pound). The heaviest item is the fare, being £18 15s. 2d., first-class return from London to Innsbruck via Calais and Basle.

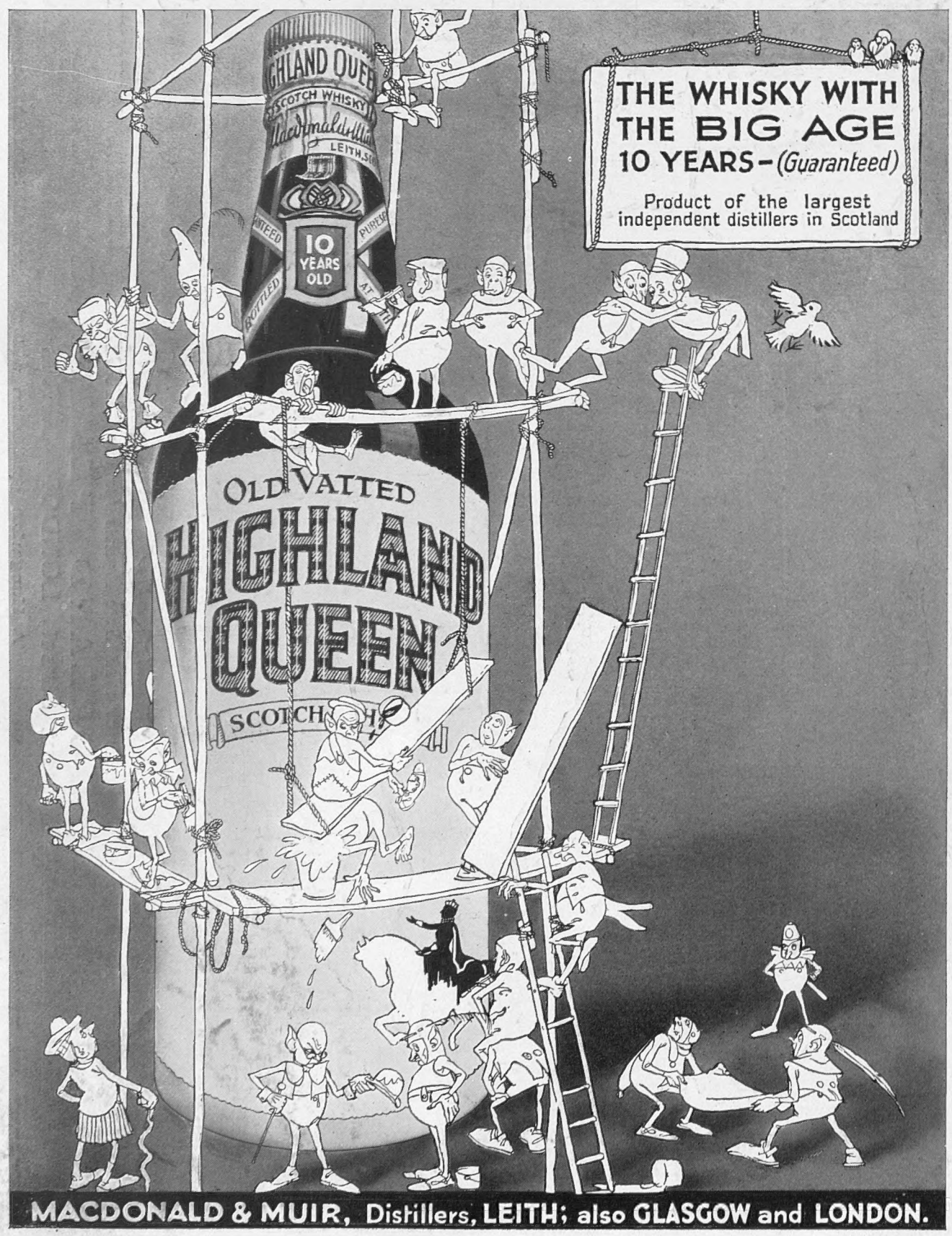
Among the most attractive features of a holiday in Tyrol are the excursions that can be made in the mountains. There are nearly 600 shelter huts and mountain hotels, all connected with each other and with places in the valley by a system of clearly marked paths. The climber who is unfamiliar with the country can thus find his way without difficulty, and is enabled to spend many days in the mountains without descending to the lower levels for rest and food.

Torquay

The visitor to Torquay may well be forgiven for heading his letter "Monte Carlo," for as he writes his gaze will travel from the shining sands of Torbay, beloved of holiday-makers, to the many gardens and parks ablaze with flowers and sub-tropical plants, and on up the hillsides, past the fine villas nestling amidst palms, to the scudding clouds of the sky above.

Torquay has perhaps the finest situation on the south coast of Devon. Clustered around eight delightful bays, and sheltered by seven hills, it enjoys the most salubrious climate, mild in winter, and not, as many people suppose, extremely hot in summer. This probably accounts for its popularity both as a health resort and pleasure ground. The variety of entertainments is endless. Gaiety centres arcund Torre Abbey Sands, the Harbour, and the Strand. For the athletic, apart from bathing, yachting and fishing, there are tennis courts, a miniature golf course, and a roller skating rink.

However, Riviera-like though the atmosphere of Torquay may be, a short walk in any direction will bring one to the high red cliffs and tiny coves, or the shady twisting lanes and picturesque villages characteristic of Devonshire. There is no lack of excursions to be made from this delightful town.



AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS.

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information.

The Editor, in view of the approach of the Summer Holiday Season, begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed to "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered, and in order that the replies may be as full as possible readers are asked to send threepence in stamps in order to cover the cost of postage of booklets relating to their enquiry

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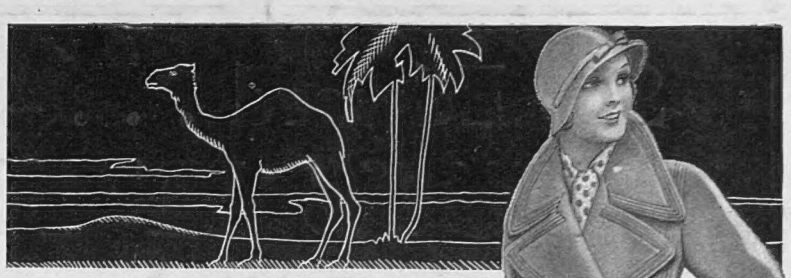

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